

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. LAFAYETTE.

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HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Our Frontispiece: His Majesty King Edward VII. ... | 129 |
| The Prospects of the King ... | 130 |
| Country Notes ... | 131 |
| The Late Lord W. Beresford's Stud. (Illustrated) ... | 133 |
| A Day in Mayo ... | 134 |
| Literary Notes ... | 135 |
| The King ... | 136 |
| Notable Gardens: Waltham House. (Illustrated) ... | 136 |
| Daughters of Dreams. Book III.—Love's Sin ... | 139 |
| In the Garden. (Illustrated) ... | 142 |
| The Adder-caterer. (Illustrated) ... | 143 |
| Gardens Old and New: Pitchford Hall. (Illustrated) ... | 144 |
| The Great Bustard ... | 149 |
| Game Preservation in the Nineteenth Century.—IV. ... | 151 |
| Mixed Shooting in Suffolk. (Illustrated) ... | 152 |
| The Building Bye-laws: I.—On Adopting the Bye-laws ... | 154 |
| Dramatic Notes ... | 155 |
| O'er Field and Furrow. (Illustrated) ... | 156 |
| Wild Country Life ... | 157 |
| Books of the Day ... | 158 |
| Correspondence ... | 159 |

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THE PROSPECTS OF THE KING.

IN no conventional spirit, but rather in Protestant and heart-felt sincerity, he it said that King Edward VII. enters upon his reign in auguries happier and more full of promise than those which have surrounded any of his predecessors. When that "dear head," his mother, succeeded to the throne, the Constitution, albeit closely defined by statute and precedent, was really in process of evolution and development. Stuarts, much as some of us may love them with a sentiment which is stronger than reason or knowledge, had trifled with it and had perished or vanished in the process. William the Third, of "glorious, pious, and immortal memory," had never come very near to the heart of the people. Queen Anne had been something of a nonentity, to be remembered in years to come by virtue of a more or less humorous phrase of common parlance and by a more or less pleasing fashion in domestic

architecture. The Georges, good and bad, simple and swaggering, had been regarded with good-natured tolerance. William the Fourth had actually dared to dismiss Ministers with whom he happened to be at variance. It was reserved for Victoria alone, during sixty-four years of rule and life, as blameless as they were without price, as priceless as they were without blame, to establish the monarchy on the rock of the undying love of a great people, of the instinctive—no, the reasoning—respect of the civilised world. How she performed this splendid achievement we all know, when we take the trouble to think, and we know still better after reading the debate in the House of Lords in which Lord Salisbury and Lord Kimberley, of whom both had been trusted counsellors of the Queen time after time, but the first the more often, indulged in simple and regretful reminiscences. As the Queen told her Dutch cousin—in the old sense—when the youngest of Queens asked counsel of the wisest, the oldest, and the best-loved of them, the paramount duty of a ruler of a limited monarchy is to set a good example. How perfect an example our Queen set need not again be recorded; of the effect of that example the life and the tone of this England of ours are, in spite of their many faults, a proof and a demonstration. That the Queen did more than be an exemplar, that she kept her hand upon the spokes of the wheel of State as well as smoothed the waters of the ocean which it had to traverse, the reminiscences of Lord Salisbury and Lord Kimberley showed abundantly. She had a strong will, but she knew when to sacrifice it; she was not a brilliant woman in accomplishments or on the ornamental side of life, but she had those two greatest gifts of a ruler, sagacity and sense of duty in such measure as to amount to double genius of the best and most useful kind. Hence came it then in her and in her reign the ideal of a limited monarchy was embodied and fixed for ever, and that if ever there be need to enquire what the limits of the monarchy are, it will only be necessary to refer to the golden precedent of Queen Victoria.

That sense of duty and that innate sagacity and tact His Majesty King Edward VII. undoubtedly possesses in almost equal measure, in greater measure he could not possess them. So far he has been called upon to show his sense of duty principally in matters trivial but infinitely tedious, and the fact that he has never failed to show it becomes the more significant when it is remembered how trivial and how tedious his duties have been. As Prince of Wales he might have celebrated his own minor jubilee; he did celebrate his silver wedding, a record surely without precedent, and it was a common saying and a true one that he was one of the hardest-worked men in England. His duties, to open myriads of bazaars, to sit in the chairman's place at a thousand meetings, to lay foundation-stones by the hundred, and to inspect regiments by the score, have been of the most essentially tiresome and uninteresting nature; but never, by word or expression of face, did he show his weariness, and he was never unpunctual, he was never inconsiderate, and we honestly believe that, because he never for a moment forgot his high destiny, he never really felt "bored"—there is no other word for it—by a round of meaningless ceremonies, which would have driven many another man half distracted. But we believe none the less that when the first shock of filial grief was past, when the "submissions" that had been made to his mother regularly up to the date of that *Court Circular* of January the eighteenth, which was the beginning of the end, had been renewed to him, he entered *con amore*, and with inherited and acquired sagacity, into the serious business of State. That wisdom, that tact, that consideration for the feelings of others, which his mother had in perfection, he undoubtedly possesses also in bounteous degree. To use a homely expression, which came from the lips of one of his close associates on the night of the Queen's death: "It is a heavy burden to fall on the shoulders of the Prince of Wales, but you will find that he has got his head screwed on in the right place." For our part, we have not a doubt upon the matter.

Then let us touch a minor point, remembering always that "every little makes a muckle." We, who are humble apostles of muscular Christianity, are heartily glad that our King shares our national tastes. If he hardly "loves the tall deer as though he were their father," as Norman William did, he is at any rate an all-round sportsman of the first order. He has pleasure in the strength of a horse, and he has owned some of the very best horses that ever rounded Tattenham Corner, and his successes on the turf have been universally popular. With trusty breech-loaders at the covert-side, when the leaf is off, he and the Duke of Cornwall and York, his son, are in the very highest rank of Englishmen who shoot, and how limited that rank really is the world at large hardly knows. The Sandringham shooting is some of the best in Europe, and it sets an excellent example in unostentatious sportsmanship in refusing to permit braggart publication of hecatombs slain. As a yachtsman and as a practical sailor, the King need not fear comparison with any man of gentle birth in this England of ours. As soldier he is keen. All this we like passing well. Since the time must come, as in the order of Nature it was bound to come,

when masculine hands must drive the coach, must hold the tiller of State, we are delighted that they should be those of a thoroughly masculine man; but it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that here and there are men and women who would feel more comfortable and more confident if the Prince of Wales who has been merged in the King had been a trifle more seriously inclined than he was in the matter of amusements. To such we would quote, half correctly for once (whereas it is usually employed entirely erroneously), the familiar words "Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds, but Harry Harry." The Queen, of course, was never in the least like a Turkish Sultan, who destroys all possible aspirants to the Throne, nor is the King of that quality. But the quotation at least serves to remind us how Harry of Monmouth, when he was called upon to undertake the onerous duties of sovereignty, put away childish things. Let no citizen of the world-wide Empire of which Edward VII. is the head and corner-stone apprehend for one moment that he will be anything but a serious and august a sympathetic and a wise King. But we hope he will not relinquish our innocent amusements. He will be no worse King, but rather the better, if as such he lays the pheasants low, and wins the Derby, and hears the gun fired from the R.Y.S. Castle when his white-winged yacht glides in a triumphant winner.

One word more. Edward the Seventh, destined we trust to be far the greatest of the Edwards, succeeds to the headship of an Empire such as neither Alexander nor Augustus ever dreamed of or could conceive. It is an Empire founded on the mutual love and respect of Britons all over the world wherever the sound of the bugles is heard. It is suggested that his style and title may be altered and enlarged. For ourselves we have our doubts whether this be a wise suggestion. Better might it be to relinquish the geographical meaning of the phrase "Great Britain," so as to include in it England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, the Dominion, the Colonies, and all dependencies except India. "Of Great Britain King, by the Grace of God, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India," strikes us as an admirable title and a noble, consonant with that love of freedom which distinguishes the English-speaking race, and with its ineradicable, and, on the whole, perfectly reasonable conviction that it is of a higher order of strength than that portion of humanity which is coloured.



ON the date which this number of COUNTRY LIFE bears the body of our beloved Queen, the mother of her country, the model and example of true womanhood, is committed to the earth with all the solemn pomp and ceremony which can be devised to symbolise the heartfelt sorrow of a great people. May she rest in peace. May the best of all good women enjoy eternal repose and joy in the place where all tears are wiped away. That is the earnest and confident prayer of mourning millions. It has been a long business, this affair of the funeral. Navy, Army, and the people, from the highest to the lowest, have been plunged in common and abiding sorrow, and even now all that was mortal of the Queen of Queens has not yet been taken to Frogmore. It lies for a brief space in the Albert Memorial Chapel, where so many members of the Royal Family have found a temporary resting-place before.

For such a temporary resting-place there is a pretty precedent in the legendary history of the saints. The body of Saint Winifred, who died at Holywell, in Flintshire, which was also Mr. Gladstone's county, was destined to be buried more than one day's journey from the spot where the spirit bade farewell to the clay. It was therefore necessary to make a pause, a sacred pause, at a picturesque spot in the heart of the hills, and that spot is known to this day as *hafod-un-nos*, or "The resting-place of one night." The tradition is a pretty one, and the Sandbach family, who own the estate on which the place hallowed by tradition lies, have very properly, and in true reverence for the past adhered to the title. The Queen's first *hafod* is prosaic enough in all conscience;

it is the Clarence Victualling Yard at Portsmouth; her second is associated with the holy memory of her lifelong sorrow; her last on earth is by the side of him whom she loved so well.

And now, *sursum corda*, the world must go on as best it may. We must accustom ourselves to new forms in the Prayer Book—which at the first hearing are a jar and a shock—to new titles of dignitaries and of things. The Queen's highway, the Queen's English, Queen's Counsel, above all, the peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, her Crown and dignity, have ceased to exist in name; but they exist in abundant reality, and we begin the new reign—almost the new century—in a spirit of earnest hope for peace and prosperity at home and abroad. For this the omens are distinctly good, and the best of them is the heartfelt sorrow and the demonstration of kinship shown on this great occasion by the German Emperor, who, omitting all comparison with our own Sovereign, is undoubtedly the most powerful and the most intelligent ruler on earth. While Edward VII. and Wilhelm II. are of one mind, it really matters very little what the rest of the nations outside the United States think or do.

The grief of the German Emperor is no conventional demonstration; it comes, as we have reason to know, from the heart; it finds vent in the tears of a strong man, and in expressions which prove conclusively that his grief is genuine and deep. Some of them, made spontaneously and to men of comparatively humble station, we have heard repeated, but on this terrible occasion COUNTRY LIFE is not going to join the ranks of that Yellow Journalism that publishes information which, whether it be true or false as a whole, has, at any rate, the pollution which comes from filtration through the corrupt strata of the back stairs. On this point we have as a matter of painful duty something to say, but this must be dealt with in a separate note by reason of its importance.

The grief of the people has been deeply stirred, by three journalistic outrages of the grossest description. Of these, the first was a wholly fictitious interview with the Queen's physician, circulated by the most respectable of all Press agencies on the authority of a reporter of long experience in whom complete trust was reasonably reposed. That report was denied specifically by every one of the medical men in attendance on the Queen, and the circumstances under which it came to be written are, from the personal point of view, very sad. The second outrage was the behaviour of certain journalists unworthy of the name, on the occasion when the Queen's death was announced at Osborne Lodge. A correspondent who was present writes to us that the news was received with cries resembling a "view-holloa!" and that the stampede of vehicles and men down the hill afterwards was comparable to nothing so closely as to the performance of an unruly field at a popular meet when the fox breaks away in full view. Then a certain newspaper published a painful account of an alleged conversation between the dying Queen and the German Emperor, and persisted in that story even after official denial. The methods of that newspaper appear sufficiently in the full report of the case Turnbull against Hawksley to be found in Tuesday's *Times*. That report is horrible and a very significant revelation.

There was more than a little point in the remarks made by Sir Redvers Buller at Aldershot lately, when he was chairman on the occasion of Colonel Daniels' lecture on the "Elements of Strategy." The gist of the chairman's remarks was to emphasise the value for military purposes of a geographical knowledge of the country in which battles are to be fought. It appears a very elementary and obvious axiom indeed, but it is one that we do not seem to have laid to heart on every occasion, and Sir Redvers Buller felt the lack of accurate mapping very severely in his repeated endeavours to relieve the Ladysmith garrison. The lack of geographical knowledge there is the more curious, because it was not in a foreign country, but in our own colony, that his operations were performed. But according to his remarks at Aldershot it would seem that we need not look nearly so far afield for instances of our own soldiers' comparative ignorance of geography. The features of our Eastern Counties, which lie peculiarly ready to the possible invader, Sir Redvers Buller declared to be far better known to the average German than the average British officer. This is hardly, one would think, as it should be.

In so far as satisfaction is possible in so horrid a thing as war, it has, till lately, been a legitimate cause of satisfaction to both belligerents in South Africa that the war—which is not entirely ended in that distressful country—has been conducted with more humanity, in all probability, than has characterised any previous war. Kindness to the wounded has been the rule on both sides; and if instances of disgraceful treachery in the use of khaki and the white flag on the Boers' part have not

been wanting, we have been disposed to ascribe them to their ignorance of the customs of civilised war. There are, however, signs, more than enough, showing that in the present guerilla warfare the humane spirit is being forgotten, at least by one party to the fight. Perhaps it was inevitable that this should be so; but it is humiliating to human nature to have to confess it. The fear is that inhumanity on the one side may provoke reprisals on the other, until each small engagement may be the occasion of starting something like a vendetta.

It is a good thing that the authorities have abolished the "jumping test," in the riding-schools, for admission into Baden-Powell's police force. The man who can ride well enough to get along at all on the veldt will soon learn sufficient to enable him to sit on his horse in all the jumping that has to be done in that open country. In itself it was a severe test that would have tried many a man who can go well to hounds—sitting a horse bare-backed, with the arms folded, while he jumped the bar. For finished horsemanship, this folding of arms, precluding all possibility of pulling or holding on by the reins, is a fine lesson, but for practical work we can do with less. Some of the best of our mounted infantry have been trained on the veldt itself without these refinements, and we do not want to put unnecessary difficulties in the way of recruiting.

So far as spring salmon fishing has gone this year, no doubt the average catches have been better than the last few years have led us to hope, and the prospects for sport, when the snow broth runs off, are looking good. There are few kelts in the rivers, the heavy floods having sufficed to wash them to the sea, and the "springers" are up in good numbers. Also—a "valuable consideration," as lawyers say—the weather, until the recent snowstorm, has not been so biting cold for the rod-fisher as he is apt to find it, in these early months of the year, on those rivers where much "harling" is the rule. Still, if he manages to land five or six fish in the day (and some of the rods have been doing this) the exercise of killing the fish will suffice to keep him more than comfortably warm, to say nothing of the heightened temperature due to the excitement. Where there is much throwing to be done, either from boat or bank, there is no trouble in keeping warm enough. But this year even wading has not been the cruelly cold business that we are used to in spring salmon catching—or, worse still, in failing to catch spring salmon.

An Epping Forest correspondent writes: "Has anyone but myself noticed the extraordinary number of chaffinches in the country this year? On the 23rd of January, towards sunset, I saw such a flock as never before met my eyes. It was just a little to the south of High Beech Church. The ground was covered, and every tree seemed to be full of them. Some gave the loud 'twink, twink' characteristic of the species and many only twittered or chirped. On my approach they flew off in great squadrons in a northerly direction, but not all, for after many detachments had gone, the trees seemed alive with them, their white wings showing well. Since then I have noticed that great quantities abound all over the Forest, though I have met no flock that will compare with this. The curious fact is that for some years past the chaffinches seemed to be diminishing in numbers, thanks, it was thought, to their popularity as pets in the East End. The East Enders bring their birds out to whistle against the wild ones, and much netting goes on, although it is nominally prohibited. Of course the nests are ruthlessly destroyed. It would appear therefore as though the birds seen must have been migrants, and I would greatly like to know if the same thing or anything like it has happened elsewhere."

An Irish correspondent writes: "Can the soil on which grain is grown have much to do with its feeding quality? This is a question which is forcibly brought up by the experiences of a well-known Irish trainer. His stable was so successful, that he was induced to take up permanent quarters in England, and brought over a string of horses, mostly chasers. Luck seemed to have left him, and the winning brackets gained by his horses were few and far between. Thinking the matter over, it struck him that it might be well to try the oats on which his horses had formerly done so well, his argument being that if the grass of Ireland was capable of raising such excellent young horses, the oats grown there should be equally good. He had been using the best heavy Scotch oats, thinking nothing better could be got. Resolving to see how his idea of feeding native-grown corn to his horses worked, he got over a quantity of Irish oats, and, strange to say, began to win races again right away. It may have been only a coincidence; but still it is a matter which deserves attention."

The Wimbledon Sports Club has, unfortunately, ceased to exist. Sufficient support was not forthcoming, so far as we understand the position, to justify a continuance of the heavy

expenses involved. But the Wimbledon Park Golf Club remains, in a reconstructed form; a ten years' lease of the ground has been taken, and the club will be purely a members' club, at an annual subscription of five guineas, with a proviso that each member takes a £1 share in the limited company into which the club is formed. The first three hundred members are to be elected without entrance fee, and we are informed that something approaching that number have been elected already. For lady members the rate of subscription is halved, nor do we understand that they are required to take up the £1 share. It would be a great pity if this very beautiful park were to fall into the builder's hands. The course has merits, as a golf course, besides its sylvan beauty, and it is so very accessible from London that both the golfer and the lover of Nature ought to join hands and purses in trying to prevent its occupation by the brick and mortar demon.

We were glad to learn that the Institute of British Architects is devoting attention to the injurious effect of the Building Bye-laws on the construction of houses. This is a matter of first-class importance, especially as it affects the rural districts; and for that reason a series of articles, of which the first appears to-day, has been prepared for COUNTRY LIFE, in order to show exactly where the bye-laws press unfairly. Our object in publishing them is to obtain a modification of the bye-laws, and as that end can only be secured by a combined effort, we cordially ask for the co-operation of such of our readers as are interested, and we know their name to be legion. The movement is very strongly supported in private, and if those who have found the bye-laws an obstruction will come forward with a public statement of their difficulties, we have very good grounds for hoping to achieve a thorough and drastic revision of these regulations.

A good story and an old, concerning the last illness of George III., has been revived by the *Daily Chronicle*. His Majesty was suffering from insomnia, when Mr. Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth, bethought him of the old wife's remedy of a pillow stuffed with hops, which was tried with excellent effect. Some persons may think that if a certain decoction of hops, which now, unfortunately, lies under suspicion, had been taken internally, the result would have been equally good; but that is doubtful. Insomnia, really, is very largely a matter of nerves and imagination. To think whether sleep is coming is a fatal mistake, to believe that it is certain may induce it to come, but to assume its beneficent arrival is the healthiest plan of all; for what says the poet, after running through the gamut of pleasures?

"And Love it was the best of them,
But sleep worth all the rest of them."

It is not very pleasant to learn that a revival of the wretched sport of rabbit coursing is taking place in the Midlands. The question is whether it should be permitted or not. A condition essential to all true sport is that the animal hunted shall have perfect freedom to use whatever faculties for escape it possesses. But the rabbit has no fair chance. At home it has runs or little highways and knows where they lead to, and it does indeed require a good dog to catch a rabbit running to its burrow. When carried in a box or sack to a strange ground it loses nerve altogether, and it is the most nervous of little beasts. As like as not it will "clip" or crouch on the ground and have to be picked up before the dogs are started, and then, not knowing the ground, it makes no great run. We do not now permit a coster or milkman to harness and drive a dog, though this is done constantly abroad, cock-fighting is abolished, so is badger-baiting. Yet not one of these is more cruel and debasing than coursing rabbits. A bagman fox or a bagman hare makes a very poor show, but bunny makes the worst of all.

The ranks of sport are mostly recruited from the most loyal sections of the community, and, as might have been expected, the death of the Queen has had the effect of, to a great extent, stopping it in its most important branches. Hunting is suspended, and when resumed it will be conducted without "pink," hunt balls and festivities are postponed, and race meetings were abandoned. This is certainly not more than King Edward VII. had a fair right to expect, as a mark of sympathy for himself, apart from the universal grief at the Queen's death. All his life he has been a zealous and accomplished sportsman, and it is right that those with whom he has shared so many pleasures should stand hand in hand beside him in the darker hour of mourning.

Very shortly the leopard may be expected to change his spots. Such change, at least, would scarcely be more surprising than that of the Mayor and citizens of Barcelona, who recently passed a resolution condemning bull-fighting on the score of inhumanity. For years the Briton has looked on the bull-fight

as something like the national game, the cricket of the Spaniard. The story goes that, so far was the Spaniard from recognising any cruelty in the performances of the bull-ring, when a branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was started in the City of Mexico they had a bull-fight to start the young society with funds. If not true, at least it is *ben trovato*. But this action of the Barcelona folk is a very remarkable instance of the constant advance in the history of culture of the sentiment of pity. It is both in the modern and the classical sense admirable.

Prince's Club have decided to hold the Military Racquet Championship this year. It was abandoned last year in consequence of so many of the chief players being away in South Africa, notably Colonel James Spens, whose Shropshires have had a deal of hard fighting to do, and who, with Mr. E. M. Sprot, of the same regiment, held the championship when war broke out. Presumably the regiment is entitled to the honour still, for it has not been taken from them. The first week in March is mentioned as the probable date of the championship for this year.

THE LATE LORD W. BERESFORD'S STUD.

THE recent sale at New-market

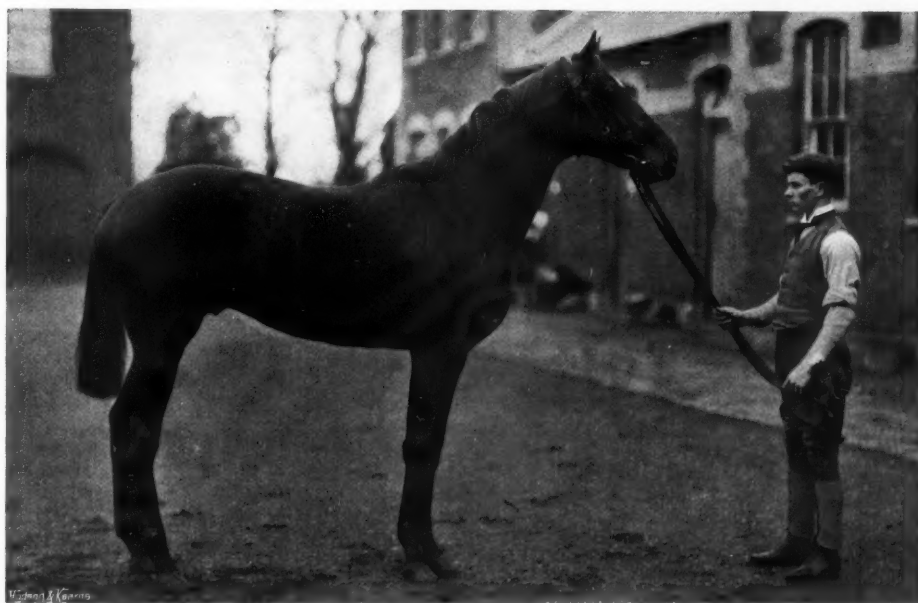
was a melancholy affair so far as the occasion of it went, and still more so as it was held on the day succeeding the universally lamented death of the Queen. Nevertheless, the lots offered made fair prices, and Lord William Beresford's estate benefited very appreciably. Our artist has been fortunate in securing portraits of some of the highest-priced animals, among whom

UNCLE JACK came out top, as was generally expected. He is a grand young chaser, a powerful, lengthy chestnut, good at all points, unless, perhaps, his hocks might be improved on. Mr. S. B. Joel got him for 3,000 guineas after a contest with

H. Escott, and the son of Ascetic will probably be trained with a view to his valuable Auteuil engagements.

CAIMAN realised 2,500 guineas, R. Marsh being the buyer, and his father-in-law, S. Darling, the runner up. Caiman is a sturdy chestnut five year old horse by Locohatchee (son of Leamington) and he made no more than he is worth, especially when we call to mind that he once beat Flying Fox. He is nicely handicapped, too, for his spring

engagements. The very powerful JOLLY TAR is a bay gelding, by The Sailor Prince out of Joy, and but for being a trifle worn on his forelegs, he would seem cheap at 2,200 guineas. As it is, I should have some doubts on the subject; but he is a most



W. A. Rouch.

CAIMAN.

Copyright



W. A. Rouch.

UNCLE JACK.

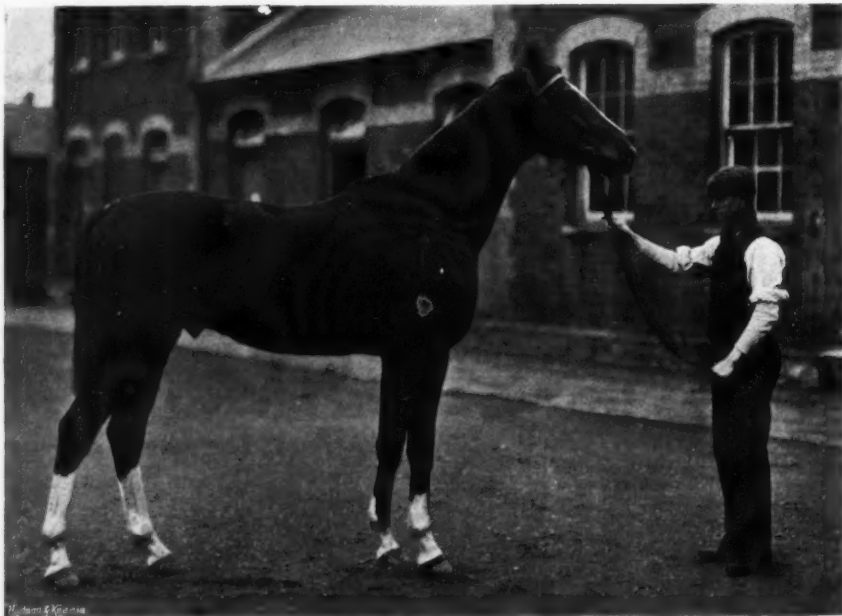
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W. A. Rouch.

JOLLY TAR.

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DEMOCRAT.

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W. A. Rouch.

NAHLBAND.

Copyright

genuine animal when well, and a remarkable stayer for one of his bulk.

NAHLBAND is a black three year old colt, by Wolf's Crag out of Under the Rose. He showed excellent form more than once last season, but seemed to go off towards the close, and at 1,500 guineas Mr. Dresden gave full value for him.

DEMOCRAT, in 1899, was deemed the best two year old of his year, but this unsexed chestnut son of Sensation and Equality fell away to nothing the following season, and it can only have been on the off chance that Mr. J. B. Joel gave 910 guineas for him.

LORD ARRAVALE is a nice cut of a chaser, a chestnut gelding by Tacitus out of Lady Arravale, by Liverpool. S. Pickering bought him for 380 guineas.

BERZAK was the second-best two year old of his year, and one of the best three year olds. He is a chestnut horse by Sensation out of Belphebe, but it is very doubtful whether he will stand training. T. Leader bought him for 320 guineas.

OLD BUCK II., a white-legged chestnut gelding by Sensation out of Magnetic, made 300 guineas, Mr. Croker being the buyer. He is a really good one if his rheumatism can be cured.

OUTPOST.

A DAY IN MAYO.

A GENERAL feeling seems to exist in the minds of many that Ireland is not to be compared with Great Britain from a shooting point of view, but if some of these unbelievers would only try the Wild West for some rough winter sport, they might be inclined to change their minds. Perhaps no finer tract of country for rough mixed shooting could be found than in the County Mayo, with its innumerable lakes, and its chain of towering mountains which fringe the Atlantic Coast. South Mayo, which claims part of the noble Lough Corrib, the dark, gloomy Lough Mask, and the erratically-shaped Lough Carra, with the curious gint on its waters from the marly bottom, is a district which would charm the heart of the enthusiastic wildfowler who does not dread a rough-and-tumble tramp through morasses calculated to try the nerves and activity of anyone who has not graduated as a "bog-trotter." Out with a party recently I got a genuine trial of what Mayo is like as a shooting district, and venture to say that "the West" has only to be better known to become a dangerous rival to "Caledonia, siern and wild."

Said —, our host, when he met us: "I hope you have come prepared for a very rough wet tramp, for we have some of the ugliest spots to get over to-day that you can well imagine." I thought to myself that I could hold my own over any country, from early initiation and experience, but some of the places round Lough Corrib which had to be traversed took a lot of doing, as I found out.

Some of the party were for taking a turn at the pheasants in the coverts round the house, but the majority voted for the snipe grounds, and carried the day. The country along the shores of Lough Corrib is a series of little sedge and reed bordered lakes, which abound with snipe and duck, while here and there armlets of the lough run far into the shore, and at this time of the year, when covered with coars: tussocky grass and rushes, form grand cover for legions of snipe. The first little swamp tried yielded a couple of brace of snipe, but several which got up wild were marked down in a spot covered with tall reeds, on the other side of a *boreen*. "You don't catch me going into that," said the wily —; "I've been there before." Two adventurous spirits, however, resolved to brave the dangers, and we watched them from the laneway as they cautiously picked their way through the marshy maze. Suddenly the first disappeared with a loud splash, as he went on his back into a hidden boghole, to emerge like a half-drowned rat. Then came cries from his companion, who was stuck fast up to his waist in a drain, from which he had to be hauled by the aid of a long pole. All this was very amusing to those in the lane, but the two victims did not seem to see where the fun came in.

The next move was to a small reed-covered lake, which we "surrounded," the result being a duck and mallard, and a few brace of snipe. A big armlet of Lough Corrib was our next try, and the guns forming line, with beaters between, we covered this long stretch in two beats, the snipe rising everywhere but very wildly. The bags, however, got big accessions here, though many long shots had to be made. The venue was then changed to a large "cut-away" bog. This was literally alive with snipe, but they got up in huge "wisps" far out of shot, and

went wheeling round and round high up in the air. R— took a brace out of one wisp by a long shot into the "brown," but the rest all circled about for a little, and then dispersed here and there about. A few ducks, an odd rabbit, and some outlying pheasants were also picked up in moving from place to place.

Returning over the ground we had traversed in the morning, we found that the wisps of snipe had scattered themselves nicely all over the moors, and the fun was fast and furious as they got up, "scaip! scaip!" on all sides. At the close of the day, when the bags were turned out, we found we had thirty odd brace of snipe, five ducks, two and a-half brace of pheasants, and seven rabbits. Nothing very much, you will say, but when it is taken into consideration that these were got on ground which to all intents and purposes is unpreserved, it shows what the Wild West is capable of if preservation was properly carried out. So ended a most pleasant day of real sport, and I can testify to the appetite-giving qualities of the County Mayo air. "I hope you've killed the fatted calf?" said — to our host. "Calf?" interrupted the Joe Miller of the party; "what use would a calf be?—the fatted cow you mean." And, verily, the way we went through the good things provided for us by our hospitable host showed that he was pretty nearly right.

HEATH.

LITERARY NOTES.

ALL the world is obsessed with the death and the funeral pomp of our beloved Queen, with ringing out the old and ringing in the new, and odes of thankful threnody, of gratitude for sixty-four

award the palm among them. These two lines from the *Outlook* are a poem in themselves:

"BRITANNIA: I am broken-hearted!
DEATH: Edward VII. is his mother's son."

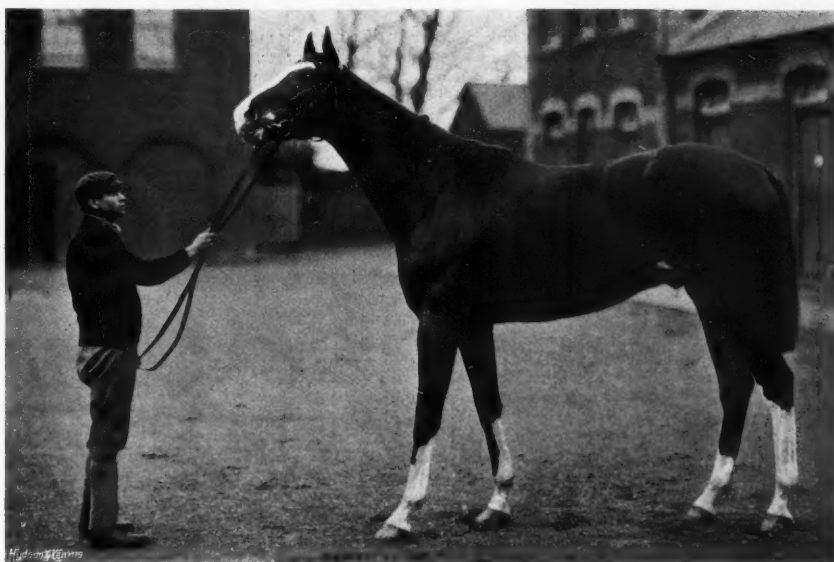
They sum up the unavailing grief, and the just hope of a great nation. Very fine, too, is the opening poem of the same paper, of unknown authorship, as of one who says, "Who am I that my name should stand on the same page with that of the Great White Queen?" of one who, asking, "Who is this, who is this, That touches England's Crown?" answers,

"Ah! know ye not his name?
It is the Shadowy One,
The implacable, the relentless
Lord of Mortality,
Unto whom hath been given
To take the babe from the breast,
The bridegroom from the bride,
The labourer from the yoke,
The wise man from his place;
Yea, and at whose desire
Princes, the mightiest,
Go forth, and return not again."

And Mr. Francis Thompson in the *Academy* is very fine and grand; his last stanza perhaps most true and majestic of all; his rhymes perhaps not always of the very best; but who can think of rhymes at such a time, who can be troubled with minutiae?

"Her Empire's house
Garnished and swept, just Heaven allows
The folding of her hands to sleep. Ah! who
Would desire for her burthens new
At the task's end? This way is best;
With a world weeping her to rest."

And what does it all prove? Surely this, that poetry comes from the heart, springs from it as a fountain of blood and tears when it is pierced to the



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LORD W. BERESFORD'S STUD: OLD BUCK II.

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years of goodness, and of sorrow that they have been ended in God's good time, jostle with songs of confident hope for the future of England under good time, jostle with songs of confident hope for the future of England under the general mass of this poetry is its reality and its excellence. That, therefore, is my subject, or my main subject; and if an excuse be wanted for it, it must be found in my environment. An exceptional good fortune found me unthinking, as the Latin exercise-books would have it, but quite ready to think, in Paris when Alphonse Daudet was buried; as the scent of the violets on his funeral car was an inspiration to my jaded brain, so this time I am attempting to answer to the spur of the things which I have seen, and heard, and smelled—yes, smelled—in the Isle of Wight during these days of bitter sorrow and assured hope. But a few hours have passed since I was in the *Chapelle Ardente* of Osborne, the Queen's dining-room as it used to be, the Holy of Holies of England as it surely is destined to be. The memory of the scene, the little coffin, the splendour of the diamonds of the crown, the splendid ermine yellow with age, the statuesque Grenadiers, the odour of the flowers, the stately palms, the dependent Union Jack, the Royal Standard under the coffin, the subdued light, the silence of death, are things never to be effaced from the mind, a sacred moment to be treasured for ever.

The sacredness of the occasion has deprived even laurel leaves of their inherent and narcotic venom. The Poet Laureate has risen to the occasion, and some of his lines are noble, dignified, instinct with the spirit of true poetry. But to be plain, he is not the best amongst the singers who have attuned their harps to this sad occasion. Nor am I concerned to



W. A. Rouch.

LORD ARRAVALE.

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quick, that one great and omnipresent sorrow makes poets for the nonce of those who, in the ordinary way of life, must fain be content with plain prose, which after all is, in a master's hand, perhaps the best channel of expression. All these poets, and I envy them with a greedy heart for their power of expression, seem to me to stand on quite a different level from the elegiac writers of the past. Many of them withhold their names. They do not seem to say, "Behold with what music and melody and grace of well-turned phrase I expose my personal grief before you, and cut up my living heart for your pleasure." They are not as those who, having lost wife or child, or father or mother, mourn in public places, crying "Look how exquisitely I weep, with what grace I wipe away my tears." Such poets are, to my mind, like the actress on the stage who dabs a carefully folded handkerchief horizontally on to her bisted eyes, or within a hair's breadth of them, careful lest she smear her painted face. But in the case of these nameless poets, who may be great men or small, the grief is real. They cry, "Weep with us, seek nothing of us; our faces are sodden with tears which are salt and wet; our eyes are swollen." That is true poetry, simply because it is true feeling; and one respects and admires the women and the men who write it.

But there is the other note too, the note of triumph and of hope, on which it is but right that poets should harp; and the best of them, to my mind, is Mr. Harold Begbie. In him, and in his future, I have absolute confidence. He has all the brightness, all the vigour, all the strength and rush of Mr. Kipling at his best; he has an irrepressible gaiety and an innocent lightness of heart which appeal very strongly to men who are men, and to women who are pure women. His tone is that in which Tennyson speaks for Sir Galahad when he writes (I quote from memory perforce, and a word or two may very likely be out of place:

"My good sword carves the casques of men,
My strong lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

Those are the feelings which come to me as I study, in that beautifully microscopical handwriting which most of our best writers, to the horror of printers, fall into instinctively, the hearty welcome to "The King," which will be found, in plain and legible type, in another column. And perhaps here I may answer a question which I have not time to answer privately, partly for that reason, and partly because the answer will be of general interest. Mr. Begbie desires to know whether he may keep the right of musical copyright. So far as the answer lies with COUNTRY LIFE he certainly may do so, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the music may be worthy and adequate. But it will not be easy to find the composer of it, for the song combines robust virility and patriotism and dignity and beauty in no common measures of strength. If you doubt me look at some of the lines, notably, "And a shield of British bodies o'er the Royal House we'll fling," which reminds one of Hastings, and another Harold's last stand, and of a hundred good fights beside.

Now I have done. I cannot write of the gossip of literature, of the bickerings of authors at such a moment, I can hardly make my customary list of books to order from the Library. Rather would I say, get, at once all things, the books which the Queen wrote and re-read them. As literature they are as nought; as the faithful record of a pure life and a woman who was a peer they are unsurpassable. Still, the world must go on, so I add as

Books to order from the library:

- "Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun." Thermanby. (Hutchinson.)
 "The Heart of the Ancient Wood." C. G. D. Roberts. (Gay and Bird.)
 "The Eagle's Heart." Hamlin Garland. (Heinemann.)
 "At Pretoria." Julian Ralph. (Pearson.)

LOOKER-ON.

THE KING.

Now pour the royal flagons till the gallant goblets flood,
 With a hey fal de ral, for old England!
 Here's a toast to suit your tempers, and a toast to thrill your blood,

With a hey fal de ral, for o'd England!
 'Tis a toast for honest yeomen, and a song for men to sing:—
 Whatever storms may gather, and whatever the future bring,
 The sturdy sons of England will stand round about the King,
 With a hey fal de ral, for old England!

Then raise the glass on high, and let every Briton cry,
 With a hey fal de ral, for old England!
 Whatever the future bring we'll stand round about the King,
 With a hey fal de ral, for old England!

The knaves shall never harm him while a yeoman's sword is bright,
 With a hey fal de ral, for old England!
 We will make a fence about him, O a fence both tall and tight,

With a hey fal de ral, for old England!
 When the foeman's cannon thunder let the British bugles ring,
 And a shield of British bodies o'er the Royal House we'll fling,
 And they'll have to break thro' England ere they reach the English King,
 With a hey fal de ral, for old England!

Then raise the glass on high, and let every Briton cry,
 With a hey fal de ral, for old England!
 Whatever the future bring we'll stand round about the King,
 With a hey fal de ral, for old England!

To the Seventh English Edward, to the Lord of England's Throne,
 With a hey fal de ral, for old England!
 Here's a health from all his People on the winds of Ocean blown,
 With a hey fal de ral, for old England!

Tho' his Children may be scattered, to the Island Home they cling;
 And the Harp of Life for Britons never lacks the golden string:—
 God protect the little Island, and God save our gracious King!
 With a hey fal de ral, for old England!

Then raise the glass on high, and let every Briton cry,
 With a hey fal de ral, for old England!
 Whatever the future bring we'll stand round about the King,
 With a hey fal de ral, for old England!

HAROLD BEGBIE.

NOTABLE GARDENS: WALTHAM HOUSE

WALTHAM CROSS is a quiet Hertfordshire town, twelve miles from London, and on the high road to Ware and Cambridge. It is famous for a beautiful "Eleanor" cross, reverently restored during recent years, and for its acres of roses which comprise the nursery of Messrs. William Paul and Son. We have written previously in COUNTRY LIFE of the beautiful rose farm stretching from the high street to the railroad, a farm of glorious colouring from early summer days until the last rose of autumn has faded, a Mecca for all faithful rosarians, and fragrant with the mingled perfumes of a hundred kinds, tea, China, the hybrid perpetual, and old roses of our ancestors' gardens.

But there is another interesting and historic spot in the old town, that is, the private residence of Mr. William Paul, the head of the firm, who purchased the estate from the novelist Anthony Trollope twenty-eight years ago. Waltham House was loved by Trollope; he tells the reader about it in his autobiography, Vol. I., page 209, where he declares that the twelve years spent here—1859-71—were the



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THE GARDEN FRONT.

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most prosperous of his busy literary life; and the stately red-brick house, placed in ten acres of park-like ground and meadow, remains much as it was in the days of, alas! the almost-forgotten writer associated with its history. Fashion touches literature as well as other manifestations of human industry, and Trollope may again receive his meed of praise as the reward of meritorious productions.

Waltham House, though less historically interesting than some of the beautiful old houses near London, is, we hope, long destined to remain intact, but we tremble for the fate of such places, when on every hand the devouring builder is ready to seize upon estates likely to prove a profitable commercial investment. The day, let us hope, is far distant when the magnificent trees and quaint paths of this suburban home will disappear.

The garden is terraced, as a glance at our illustration of the house will show, and standing at the lower part of the grounds, looking towards the front entrance, an old-world air pervades the whole place. Nothing detracts from the stateliness of the house, but its outlines are softened by the massed groups of trees and shrubs on either side, with the stream-like lake approached by gentle sweeps of well-kept turf. On the lake surface float fleets of water-lilies; hybrids of resplendent colouring, flowers of the latter days of the past century, and amongst the greatest triumphs of modern hybridisation. A visit to Waltham House is well repaid by the sight of the beautiful trees—upon some of which time is laying a heavy hand—still casting grateful shadows over the lawn and flower garden. There is an avenue of limes and elms, which is said to number 200 years, and forms one of the most beautiful and conspicuous features. One may note the huge evergreen oaks, Portugal laurels, Chinese arbor-vitæ, Golden Queen holly, 25ft. high, rhododendrons, horse chestnuts, weeping ash, and golden willow. It is interesting to know that there is a tradition that the garden was laid out in 1726 by Bridgeman, the first Englishman to call himself a "landscape gardener," but whether it is his work or no, there is much charm and skill in the arrangements. Mr. Paul told the writer that when he took possession of the property he sought the advice of the best landscape gardeners of the day, but their opinion was unanimous, "leave it alone." From the east end of the garden a view is obtained of

the old town of Waltham Abbey, and of the tree-clad hills of famous Epping Forest, forming at a distance of three or four miles a leafy framework to the Lea Valley.

Of course Mr. Paul has a rose garden, and we revelled amongst the flowers one summer day, when we spent a few hours with the father of rosarians in his home. It was more pleasurable even than rambling in the extensive nursery near, for in the garden were the favourite kinds of a man whose name will for ever be linked with the rose itself, and perpetuated by many beautiful varieties born at Waltham Cross. A raiser of garden flowers is a benefactor to his race as much as a man who gives pleasure to humanity by dispensing artistic gifts for the amusement or education of his generation; hence we honour those who gladden the world with precious flowers and wholesome fruits. The rose garden occupies an admirably-chosen site facing south, with

a wall 8ft. high on the north, east, and west sides, and it is planted almost exclusively with tea-scented roses, whilst the beds are edged with box.

Readers who know anything of tea roses may imagine that this sunny garden, coloured for months in the year with teas and perfumed with their subtle odours, is a joy to its owner and his visitors. And such a garden reflects the great revolution in the rose world during the past century. It must ever remind the venerable rosarian that since his youth new races have sprung up, in truth, practically formed within the past fifty years. Reference to any of Mr. Paul's excellent rose books will tell us this, and not a year passes but that some exquisite China rose, tea, or other type is added to the list. Our forefathers knew only the earlier hybrid perpetuals, the fragrant cabbage rose, the boursaults, Bourbons, and other groups of historic interest, but to-day the rose garden is composed of the teas, hybrid teas, hybrid Chinas, and others raised through cross fertilisation.

There is no excuse now for dreary rose gardens when all this glorious wealth is available, a wealth that makes this garden a place of fragrance and colour far into the autumn. In the quite late autumn the following kinds were in full bloom: Grace Darling, Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, Papa Gontier, Anna Olivier, Mme. Lambard, Mme. Falcot, Belle Siebrecht, Sunset, Perle des Jardins, Princesse de Sagan, and George Nabonnand, while on the walls in full beauty were W. A. Richardson,



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A VIEW IN THE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Climbing Niphetos, Marie Lavallée, Reine Olga de Wurtemberg, and Reve d'Or.

One of the illustrations shows the library at Waltham House, which consists principally of works concerning gardening and the kindred sciences of agriculture, botany, chemistry, and entomology. We have spent more than one enjoyable hour in this library, which has been in course of formation for the past fifty years. To the world at large Mr. William Paul is known for his roses, but to his more intimate acquaintances as an enthusiastic collector. He started to recover from oblivion the earliest works upon gardening, fast diminishing, and added, as they appeared, more modern tomes upon a delightful and popular pursuit. His oldest book, he believes, is a copy in quarto of "Crescentius," 1474, and it may interest our book-loving readers to know that there is also a copy in fine preservation in folio of the "Rei Rusticæ Authores," 1482; the "Boke of Husbandry," 1534; "The Great Herbal," 1526; "Dodonæus," 1616; "Ortus Sanitatis," 1498; "Turner's Herbal," 1558-62-68; "The Gardener's Labyrinth," 1568; "Planting and Grafting" (Mascal), 1588; "Gerard's Herbal," 1597 and 1633; and the works amongst others of Gervase Markham, Parkinson, Platts, Hartlib, Austen, Beale, Evelyn, Lawrence, Switzer, Bradley, Miller, Hill, Abercrombie, and Nicol. The arrangement of the shelves of the library is the same as in the time of the late Anthony Trollope.

Mr. Paul has, during a long and busy life, devoted much time towards improving races of flowers and fruits. He is one of the raisers of the past century, and his good work is written in the gardens of the world. It is a worthy record of a life well spent to have assisted in promoting the present enthusiasm for the rose, and to have raised such kinds as Duke of Edinburgh, Beauty of Waltham, Pride of Waltham, Star of Waltham, the China Queen Mab, the graceful climbing Pink Rover, the pretty tea rose Corinna, and many others; to have given many splendid hollyhocks, zonal pelargoniums, and camellias to the world; and to have contributed to the horticultural press well-known works and articles recording his labours. One book, "The Rose Garden," now in its ninth edition, the late Lord Penzance, who



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knew everything about roses, considered the most comprehensive and instructive. Mr. Paul's books on roses have been translated into several European languages.

We may be pardoned for writing a few lines about the nursery, which forms a beautiful feature of the old-world town. It may be visited at any season of the year with the full knowledge that something of interest will be found, whether in the depth of winter or in the late autumn. In winter the camellia is in its full glory, and enthusiastic lovers of this waxy blossom will find at Waltham Cross probably the most complete collection in Europe, represented by trees of immense size, big leafy masses dotted with flowers. At the meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society novelties from this nursery have received conspicuous distinctions. The beginning of a new century marks an epoch of single flowers of graceful beauty, but ever fickle fashion will again court the stiffer, statelier, and yet handsome flowers, of which the now neglected camellia is a type. Houses, too, are filled with roses in pots, forced to bring the rose into the home when the beds outside are desolate.

When the June days arrive the nursery begins to wear its summer dress. Long before roses here and there have blossomed profusely, but with the first days of summer the tea-scented kinds in bed and border open abundantly to warmer days and sunnier skies. Stretching from the high street to the railroad is a beautiful grass walk, with roses grouped in masses on either side, and the walk extends in some degree round the nursery, sometimes with beds on either side, and sometimes with pillars for the growth of climbers. The writer spent a day here last summer. The wind seemed full of scents borne from the roses in countless masses in the nursery; and how great an object-lesson of what to purchase for the home garden! Such a nursery as this is a thousand times more important as a school in which to seek the best varieties than the most sumptuous exhibition ever conceived, for in a nursery the whole plant comes under observation. That is of the utmost importance. Many roses of exquisite beauty upon the exhibition board are valueless in the garden, because so chary of their flower gifts, whilst in a nursery one can ascertain whether a rose is of strong growth, leafy, dwarf, tall, or free blossoming.

Writing of the roses reminds us of the importance of climbing kinds for covering not merely the house or the pergola, but decaying trees in the orchard. We have given from time to time in our weekly notes the names of varieties of special value for clothing the stems of trees, and when at Waltham Cross we were charmed with the Waltham climbers there raised—the graceful Mme. Alfred Carrière, the always welcome Aimée Vibert, massed with white blossom from summer until autumn, Pink Rover, Aglaia, and all the newer single climbing varieties which have already added a new and fresh beauty to English gardens.

But we have written sufficiently of Mr. Paul, his home, and his nursery—where he is greatly assisted by his son, Mr. Arthur, whose knowledge of the rose is so extensive that of late years the burden of a great industry has rested in a large measure in his hands—to tell our readers something of a great rosarian who is not merely a raiser and cultivator of roses, but who possesses a keen knowledge of horticulture in general. On more than one occasion the writer has listened to a literary discourse by Mr. Paul, a discourse which revealed how deep a knowledge he possesses of things outside the world of flowers.



Copyright CHINESE ARBOR-VITÆ, 25ft. HIGH. "C.L."



BOOK III.—LOVE'S SIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE GUILF OF TONSTAIN.

JULY was closing in a quivering glare of heat. Beneath the sun and clear broad noon alike the sea lay radiant to the horizons around Gros-Nez. Within the castle walls those hot and weary days chased remorseless nights, long, breathless, fevered.

At this far-distant time none can tell what accident befel the Count in his wild night-riding. Struck by some low-drooping bough, or blinded by the lightning—who can say? We only read that Goyault found him, fallen from his horse, and with a wound across his brow. Then followed long exposure to the blustering wind on the Castle battlements. Fever gripped him, and for weeks he hovered in delirium and weakness on the borderland of life.

Throughout those long-drawn summer weeks two faces watched unceasingly beside his bed. Gundred, dumb and gentle in her tendance, seldom left him. She appeared to need no rest, no food, no sleep. With her sad eyes fixed upon the drawn disfigured features, she watched as if she could not gaze enough on that which might soon be wrapped away in dust from human sight for ever.

And while she watched the Count, Tonstain watched her. With ever-growing insight, he passed in and out, reading the subtle secrets of the heart writ large upon the woman's face. And secondarily he had interest in noting the phases of the fever which wrung the strong man dry of the juice of life. This was no tedious interval to him: the drama of suffering and sorrow playing out before his eyes absorbed and puzzled him. Open and public as was life in those days, this astute observer had never before been given the opportunity of studying so strange a tragedy of passion as that which now engrossed him. Without pity he turned the keen light of his intelligence upon the anxious joy, the grief, the tormented jealousy, and the wild periods of remorse which worked themselves out so visibly, and at such woful personal expense, in Gundred. She grew more gaunt, more lined, more sallow-sad as time went on. Her soul was a dark chaos of misery over which the spirit of love moved and brooded. To hang above the sick man, to be free to touch him, to tend him day and night, was bliss; but the parched, unquiet tongue called always upon Algitha, the bony hands clung to hers because he dreamed he held those of Algitha. He would caress the dark bowed head and praise its golden glory, or whisper of love in a worship of admiration that in its sad inaptitude brought the dark colour to her brows.

A commixture of feelings and emotions so opposed wrought out in paroxysms of unalloyed anguish. Sometimes, as she lay for a moment's rest upon the floor beside the couch of Karadac, she wondered dimly how one so spent in body as herself could yet suffer so acutely. A gnawing worm of jealousy and remorse waked for ever in her breast. To a weaker nature some alleviation might have come, but that could never be with Gundred. To the last shred of conscious life she would hold to that which she desired. Death offered no relief to her, oblivion held no temptation to lie down at peace for ever. No! life meant hopeless pain, but her sentient heart could still enclose the image of Karadac. She would not have bought peace at the cost of forgetfulness. Anything but loss of him, anything but that! Her very love gave her a possession in him, and to that she would keep fast, though with it she hugged a martyrdom to her breast.

One stifling evening Tonstain entered the dark room in the corner tower where for many weeks Karadac had lain. Gundred looked up, her finger on her lips.

"Hush! he sleeps."

Tonstain came forward, and stood for some moments gazing down upon the drawn dark face and closed eyes of the sleeper.

Bearded, and haggard, and wasted, Karadac's high features stood out in ghastly prominence, a jagged pucker of reddened flesh crossed his brow. He had upon him to the full that changed aspect, the peculiar ill-favour, which long illness leaves as a brand upon its victims. Tonstain regarded him with a feeling akin to disgust, fresh as he was from news of a bridegroom whose comeliness and dainty grace all men were praising.

For the first time Tonstain, on beholding the tenderness of Gundred's attitude and expression, felt a strong throb of wonder. That she should continue to adore this marred relic of manhood, this past clay, was perhaps typical of her sex, but Gundred, he was good enough to consider, was not a woman merely, one who could fulfil her life with love; she owned a woman's nature, but her mind trenched on the higher level of the man's. Hence the course she might pursue under the stress of present difficulties had been of enormous interest to him. He had watched her, speculating from hour to hour how soon her intelligence would shake itself free from the yoke of womanhood. That, broadly speaking, he was justified in his expectation had been abundantly proved time and again. Women with large brain power have, by the law of compensation perhaps, not un seldom little hearts. But Gundred was one of the exceptions, that most unhappy amalgam where the woman's heart is great enough to overrule the clear-reasoning head.

The light was dim, and from without the murmuring of the tide came very softly. So still the chamber was that Tonstain's thoughts ran on unbroken. A quiet movement roused him. Gundred, upon her knees, her worn hands pressed convulsively upon her breast, was praying in a tension of supplication. She had seen a change pass over the sick man's face, a slow relaxing of the muscles, the smoothing out of fretted lines, as he sank into repose deeper and deeper, a sleep that touched upon the verge of death.

The silence throbbed in Tonstain's ears. His busy mind leaped onwards and foresaw the conflict and the troublous times which loomed ahead. Karadac's breathing grew fainter and more shallow; the grave was yawning for him. If he died not now in the exhaustion of this first repose, he must die later when the shock of disappointment and disillusion shook his soul free from the loosened ties of flesh. For Tonstain had just heard the news from Grenezay, brought by a fisher-boat, of Goyault's wondrous victory and of how enchantment no longer held the Saxon lady, who these four weeks past had been wedded to her champion of the lists.

When Karadac came to hear these things, as hear he must, since his first waking question would be of them, all must end as far as Tonstain's interest was concerned. The map of human feeling, coloured with blood through all its vivid traceries, now displayed before his curious gaze, would be closed for ever, Karadac's wild love quenched in grave dust, and Gundred's medley of emotions, her travesty of hope, could but sink back to silent, dull-eyed grief. This should not be! The quick thought stirred in Tonstain, Karadac must be saved. But how? Emergency stimulated the scheming brain. How to save Karadac? He glanced indifferently at the two still figures in their dim corner, and a fantastical design, so bold, so fraught with desperate danger, so original, and promising so rare a venture into unknown and delicate entanglements of feeling, sprang full-formed in his mind. A thin smile grew to firm intention on his lips as he rapidly ran over all the obstacles that lay in the path of his resolve. A whispered word here, an order there, persuasion playing upon hate and love, envy, and self-interest as occasion and the case required—these he could trust himself to use, for of all the arts whereby men may be led he knew himself the master.

An unheard-of scheme, mad some would call it, and perilous beyond imagination, but for himself he was content to take a risk. A philosopher, he was aware that anything worth

having in this world exacts a heavy payment. Fate might not spare him when the day of retribution came, but what of that? To probe, to know, to vivisection the heart, was his sole ambition. The means lay near his hand to knit up the lives about him into a new and horrible complexity such as no man had heard of. That he would do, and rejoice in the doing, though Death himself thrust in his hand amongst the rank confusion.

Foursquare the game spread itself before him, Karadac and Gundred, Goyault and his bride, but it was about the first two that his imagination lingered. Goyault, brave, sunny-hearted and popular, with a strand or two of nobler feeling than the common woven into his heart; Algitha, beautiful—yes, beautiful as a boy's first dream, but a woman and no more when all was said; both pleasant to the eye and good as the world went, but lacking the tragic strength of Gundred as Goyault lacked the spell of Karadac's unfathomed nature.

A gull cried hoarsely as it swept past in the afternoon glow and cast a fleeting zigzag of shadow across the deepset lance of window. At the sound the sick man stirred and moaned, and his writhen hand crept outwards feebly as if seeking another clasp.

"Algitha, if you be not a dream, kiss me," the murmur, husky and dry, could scarce be heard: "kiss me this once before—I—die."

The kneeling woman had laid her fingers in his with a touch of soft caress, but now she hesitated.

Karadac's sighing breath brought one more word.

"Algitha!"

Gundred flung up one look at Tonstain's peering eyes, a tortured look defiant of his scorn, then laid her lips fondly on the fever-darkened lips that in the sorrowful enchantment of blindness sought her kisses. A moment later Karadac slept again, smiling in his rest.

Tonstain waited, knowing that the Count's sleep must soon drop again to profound depths of unconsciousness. Then beckoning to Gundred, he drew her aside to the farthest corner of the room.

"Gundred, what think you will happen when Goyault returns and the Count recovers health and strength, as perchance he may?"

"What God wills," she answered, wearily.

"And perchance Goyault will bring back with him the Saxon girl. What then?"

"Shall I care then?"—her eyes widened and she smiled with some disdain—"my day will be over."

"Will you give to his arms"—he nodded towards the sleeping Count—"that Algitha whom but now you personated?"

"Tonstain de Priaux, how vile a thing you are! Can I not read your subtle quest? Cut to the bone, torture the stricken heart, lay your envenomed touch upon the quivering sore! These are your diversions, and all to feed a hungry inquisition of the mind, a peeping curiousness which would pierce Heaven's high secrets if it dared!"

"Nay, lady, I have no traffic with the other world; to know what there is of this contents me," he said, derisively.

"And dwells not Heaven in a loving heart?" she asked, passionately.

"Why, no; from observation I would say there is oftenest Hell!"

"Poor soul!" was her unexpected rejoinder; "you cannot understand."

"But I can see," he rejoined, pointedly.

"Aye, and you hear; but if one spoke before you in an unknown tongue your hearing could not help you to the meaning."

"It may be so," said Tonstain with good humour, and paused to let the subject pass. "Then let me speak of that which I do know. Listen! You kissed the Count but now, he dreaming you were his Algitha."

"You think to shame me? You cannot—my time of shame is past!"

"But what of Karadac when he learns the truth?"

She winced.

"It is done; the first time and the last. His life hung in the balance at that moment."

"Yes, it is done, but will he forgive?"

"I bear my own burden, Tonstain," she replied with dignity.

"Then hear me. At last news has come from Grenezay. Goyault has overthrown Gauthier de Morlaix and saved Earl Wulnoth's daughter."

"A full month ago as I count; for he has lain here four weeks sick to death. And why does Goyault linger?" she questioned sharply.

"Perhaps it would become us to remember the lady is most beautiful, and springs, if report speak truly, from a family which has won favour in high places before now—aye, and, further, despised the favour won!"

Gundred frowned at him, her thick brows almost meeting.

"I perceive that you are talking to some end, Tonstain. I would you were come at it!"

"Have you not heard the tale of this girl's kinsman Brithric Maude, son of Algar, lord of the honour of Gloucester? Indeed, few know it, but I was at the Court of Flanders when this tall youth came with an Embassy from England. We surnamed him Snow, so like to snow was his white skin; and long golden locks fell curling to his shoulders in the Saxon fashion. His height and marvellous comeliness set him apart from other men, therefore a great lady of the Court saw and loved him."

"Was she also beautiful?" Gundred showed a sudden interest.

"Dark-eyed, with clear and noble features. Her love so gained upon her that she sent a message, or as some say a letter, to the Saxon, wherein she gave him hope that he might win her, although the blood in her proud veins was royal."

"Beautiful and royal too! So he won her? Well, it is a story of a woman's gain; for that I like it."

"Stay, the issue runs otherwise. He did not win her, for he would not woo."

Gundred spoke coldly. "This is an allegory after all. What does it signify?"

"It is a truth, no allegory. A rare instance. But why more hard to believe than the common story of a sordid or a sensual yielding to her will? Beautiful and royal she was, so that many princes sought her favour, yet this English churl would none of her."

"And the lady?"

"Wedded another lord, who dragged her in the mire, and with his stirrup-leather taught her to adore him."

"It is an idle tale. The Lady Matilda—"

"Wife of our most noble suzerain William Duke of Normandy, once wooed and lost the kinsman of this witch Algitha!"

Gundred pondered awhile upon the story before she spoke again.

"Was Goyault wounded that he delays to bring this lady home?"

"They come shortly. But there is other news from Grenezay."

Gundred stood looking at him.

"You have some meaning. Let me hear it and have done. What is this that you would have me know?"

"Algitha will not wed Count Karadac."

"Will not?" Gundred challenged furiously, her nostrils curved, her black eyes full of fire; "will not? By all the saints, she shall!"

CHAPTER II.

LOVE'S CHANGELING.

TONSTAIN, for all his deep knowledge of the human heart, stood amazed. Here was a new Gundred, not that poor, unhappy, jealous thing who moved in timid tendance round the sick man's couch; a new Gundred, who, with regal insistence, brushed aside the refusal of her rival, and swore that Karadac should gain his heart's desire. Tonstain's grosser calculations had never reached, nor could ever grasp, the sum of selflessness and greatness which sprang to its true magnitude within this woman's breast, when, knowing the Count's dire need, she made ready to force Algitha into his arms.

Tonstain's prying soul sent out another tentacle.

"That is not all. She loves Goyault, or so they say."

"She has not seen the Count," Gundred answered, confidently.

"Goyault, as you remember, is a comely knight, and gay and debonair."

She drew her head erect.

"And is he not comely?" She turned towards the couch.

"Who could compare them? Goyault in sooth—a chattering sparrow to a falcon!"

The man raised his eyebrows. As was Gundred, such are the few—the rarest and the best—who, having seen one vision of love, see nought else but him reflected, even in grey hair and wrinkles, to their lives' end.

"Earl Wulnoth's daughter has been proved no witch, but that she owns a will is indisputable; and report says she has most openly declared she will not wed the Count of Gersay."

"Wait until she comes," said Gundred, with sad faith.

"He will find means to persuade her."

"For sake of argument I will admit that might have been had she not already been persuaded."

"What? Then she shall be taught to change her mind."

"A four weeks' marriage puts aside all talk of change."

A sallow pallor spread over Gundred's face.

"Married—and to Goyault? You need not name him—to Goyault! The traitorous thought was in his mind before he left our shore!" Then her fear was uttered. "When the Count hears of this he will die."

She rocked herself to and fro, filled, as it seemed to Tonstain's crafty eye, with remorseful sorrow. But she had always loved

the Count well, and been faithful to him, what cause for remorse had she? The scent of a new secret flattered him.

"I think that he will die," agreed Tonstain, coldly, "unless you save him."

Gundred looked up sharply at the words.

"Alas! not mine the power. Yet would to God that I could save him, for it is I have laid him low."

The man breathed short, yet tried to hide his eagerness.

"Are you also a witch, lady?"

"A witch?—no, no! Only an undesired, bitter, jealous woman, who prayed wild curses on the head she loved, and whose prayer was granted."

Then Tonstain felt indeed the stars in their courses fought for him. Gundred sank upon a bench beside the wall, and

"Tell me quickly. I would die for him."

"My remedy may tax you more heavily than that," he returned. "Hear it. In his long raving dreams our lord Count has imagined the presence of the woman he loves. We know not how much he may remember when he wakes to his full reason. But, however that may issue, it is most certain he will ask for news of her or demand that she be brought to have speech with him. How shall we answer?"

Gundred lay back as one exhausted, her heavy eyes down-cast. She shook her head despairingly.

"Our good lord has lost his sight, and on that loss do I rely to save him." He paused again.

The woman raised herself to gaze up with a strained anxiety into those inscrutable eyes.

"There is only one way," Tonstain's deliberation penetrated to her brain. "When he shall ask for Algitha, she must come to him."

"What—Goyault's wife!" she cried out.

"No, lady, another Algitha, who will seem as fair and dear to his broken sense as the Algitha he loved in that fatal picture at Gouray."

"Deceive him?—take advantage of his helplessness!—add a crown to Goyault's treachery; give him for wife a falsehood; lie to him; dare to touch with our perfidious hands that which we know he holds most sacred dear!" She stood upright and motioned him away. "Go, Tonstain, and on your knees ask Heaven to forgive the treason that you planned!"

"Is it a treason to desire to save his life?" demanded Tonstain, calmly; "treachery to the State to keep a ruler whom we ill can spare while troubles grow daily at Duke William's Court? Be patient, lady; there is more here than treason. When all's said, I am but urging that which you have done."

"Enough of that! I was wrong, it may be; it was the treachery of an instant, but the temptation came upon me to save him."

"True, and I called no hard names."

Gundred sat down once more; the apathy of spent vital force weighed heavy on her.

"Tell me all your mind. Heaven knows alone what is to do."

"This is to do, there is no other way of it." Tonstain was ready to strike home. "You shall be Algitha and wed Count Karadac for his health's sake."

Gundred sprang up, her hands pressed to her heart.

"I—I to be a thing so base!"

"What other will you give my lord to wife—a stranger?"

"No stranger could play the part. But it is folly all!"

"Folly? Look at Count Karadac and tell me is it folly, or is it not rather the last frail strand of hope which holds him still to a shaken anchorage on life?"

As he spoke Karadac drew a long, sighing breath, so weak and pitiful it seemed no other could succeed it. His worn face, bedewed and ghastly, with dry parted lips, already bore the seal of death. His shadowy hand moved feebly, and as she watched it Gundred felt as if its touch were on her heart-strings.

"He wakes! Go to him, give him this cordial," Tonstain whispered; "aye, and the cordial of your lips. Remember, if he awakes and finds not Algitha, he dies."

Gundred was beside the bed, and, bending over Karadac, put



Lallie Charles.

A STUDY.

Titchfield Road, N.W.

laboured to still the sobs that tore her breast. She was all woman now, swayed by tempestuous emotion like a girl, and having neither force nor reason left wherewith to oppose his purpose.

"If that be so, you owe our lord a wide and deep amend, lady. It lies with you to save him at a sore cost of suffering and danger to yourself."

She uncovered her flushed face.

"You are so cruel, Tonstain, that at this moment I believe you do but mock my misery," she said.

"I swear to you by all I hold most sacred that I speak the simple truth."

the cordial to his lips. When he had swallowed it they stirred, but no voice was audible; only as Gundred's hand sought his, the fingers tried to close on hers.

"I am still beside my lord," she murmured, and his dull ear heard, for he smiled faintly and slept again.

"I have no need for further argument," said Tonstain, when Gundred turned once more towards him, drawn, as it seemed, unwillingly to hear the end of his bold project. "He may live with happiness, but not without it."

One hand clenched upon the other, she stood for a long time communing with herself. Tonstain could gather nothing from her troubled aspect, since, whichever way she turned, there danger and sorrow lurked.

"The thing is visionary, it is not possible," she said at last. "How long could we keep so manifest a secret from his knowledge? Just so long as he lies here helpless and alone. And, more than that, he must guess it for himself when he recovers the use of all his senses. Will he not know my voice, perhaps detect my very presence by some keen apprehension new-given to the blind? Speak of it no more! If it were possible to deceive him for his good, I know not how I might answer you, but it would make bad worse to add outrage to his loss, to fail in a device whose sole excuse would lie in even a short measure of success."

But Tonstain stood unshaken.

"The happy ask few questions. Who so easily deceived as one content to go hand in hand with his belief?"

She sighed impatiently.

"You cannot persuade me! Do you know this Alghitha has a tongue of silver—so they have told him. That gracious gift is hers—it is not mine."

Tonstain laughed in his heart. She was all but won, although she argued still.

"Your voice is very sweet, lady—"

"Aye, but who can loose my tongue?" she said, with passion, "I am doubly cursed in that!"

"If I can unloose it, and so set free your speech, will you save the Count? Trust me, lady, all is possible."

"What—you can untie my stammering tongue? Then work your will upon it now—now—now! That would lend colour to your scheming. Give me one proof and I will abide by all your counsel."

"I have your promise?"

"Yes, I will swear it. If we can by any means give the Count strength to gather strength, afterwards we will tell him we did him this wrong to save him. He will not forgive me—aye, I know it, but I can bear that also."

"The mind of man is a riddle: let the future solve it. Meanwhile, Lady Gundred, one thing more. Should you consent to play this part, I must give knowledge of it to all who dwell with us in the castle here, lest any coming to him unaware should frustrate us by some ignorant betrayal"; he stopped, half doubtful of her answer. For his thought was that if all men knew, and all were equally committed to so hazardous a venture, Gundred could not draw back or make confession when the mood seized her, since in her own ruin she must overwhelm many. Thus he hoped to secure her to his will.

For the time Gundred's keen sense, her hold on the common things of life, were all lost in the flame and marvel of Tonstain's stratagem.

"As you will," she said, indifferently. "The shame, if shame there is, lies not in the telling but the doing."

(To be continued.)

IN THE GARDEN.

SNOW AND VALUABLE TREES.

THE recent snowstorms have, we are much afraid, inflicted great damage upon valuable trees and shrubs, especially those of the flat-branched nature, such as Cedars. It is of the utmost importance to carefully look after such trees as these during a heavy snowstorm, and remove the snow, to prevent branches breaking and limbs being torn off. Many a tree is absolutely spoilt through a single snowstorm tearing off great limbs, and we have so few such visitations that it is worth while to go round the grounds and prevent destruction.

A DARK CRIMSON HARDY WATER-LILY.

Nymphaea Froebeli is one of the most valuable of the newer hybrids. As many readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* are interested in this race, we may mention that this hybrid was raised by M. Froebel of Zurich, and occurred amongst seedlings from *N. alba-rosea* (*N. Caspary*), a species of Northern Europe. It is similar to *N. Caspary*, in that it is not a strong grower. It increases slowly compared with most of the French hybrids, and will therefore be found suitable for tanks or small fountain basins or tubs. It is not likely to quickly outgrow the space allotted to it. It requires to be grown for one or two seasons before its characteristics in this respect can be exactly stated, but we should be inclined to place it in a position intermediate between the *odorata* section and *N. Laydekeri rosea*. Although in this respect it resembles its parent, it has not inherited the characteristic of losing its leaves early in the season and ceasing to bloom by the end of July. *N. Froebeli* continues to flower until the end of September, and in a good season should begin in May. The flowers are intense crimson, and the stamens bright vermillion tipped with yellow.

PINK ROSES FOR TABLE DECORATION.

Although the prettily-tinted Roses now so common are much admired upon the plant, pink still remains the favourite colour for the table, doubtless owing partly to its effectiveness under artificial light. Where many flowers are desired for decoration it is an excellent plan to set apart a space of ground for the purpose, and in an exposed position. To ensure long stems vigorous pruning must be adopted, cutting the plants back very hard each year, in fact almost level with the ground, and to obtain good blooms reduce the growths to two or three, and these in their turn must be disbudded, leaving only the most



PINK EDGING TO BORDER.

promising bud. As is well known, Roses produced upon maiden or yearling plants yield large flowers and fine foliage. Blooms upon such plants may easily be cut with stems a yard long, but such practice would be a severe strain upon the plant's vitality. There must therefore be a resting period. Perhaps the best plan is to have a double set of plants, to enable those severely cut to recoup their energies for a year. For the Hybrid Perpetual tribe the plants do very well on the *Manetti* stock, although we prefer the *Briar*. The *Teas* and Hybrid *Teas* would certainly be best upon the *Briar* stock, either the seedling or the cutting. In the growing season such plants must be liberally fed. A good plan to adopt just when the buds are about as large as marbles is to draw a drill about a foot away from the plants, and pour in at night-time, twice a week, some good strong liquid from the stables or slaughter-house drainings, or, what is better still, diluted night soil. Such fertilisers used at about half strength will put substance and size into the flowers, and make the foliage of a healthy green colour. To obtain Roses of this description for the season is often a difficult matter where glasshouse accommodation is limited, but during the latter part of June and through July they may be had in abundance by adopting the plan advocated and by planting a good number of one or two varieties only.

PINK EDGINGS.

There are few prettier edgings to a mixed border or narrow border, as shown in the illustration, than the Pink. It is represented in full flower, and besides its drifts of blossom and its sweetness, the tufts are silvery at all times, even in winter.

THE VARIETIES.

Perhaps the finest kind for its earliness outdoors is *Caroline Testout*. *La France* is better in shape, but it is, as a rule, more perfect later in the season. *Mrs. John Laing* is a fine kind to grow, so also is *Mrs. Sharman Crawford*. *Baroness Rothschild* is very useful, but that more lasting and superb Rose, *Spenser*, is preferable. *Lawrence Allen* is a splendid high-centred Rose, with the valuable attribute of fragrance, and *Mme. Gabriel Luizet* is another good kind, but it does not flower much in autumn. *Mme. Abel Chatenay* is a charming kind; it is one of the most delightful of our Roses.

The *Chinas*, *Laurette Messimy* and *Mme. Eugène Resal*, are well worth growing in quantity for cutting, and the sturdy *Armosa* and common *Blush Monthly* are useful both early and late. A Rose worth purchasing is

Killarney; its beautiful long buds and semi-double flowers are delightful upon a dinner-table. Catherine Mermet is essentially an indoor variety, and therefore not recommended for the open ground. As the planting season for Roses will soon be here again, those who appreciate pink colouring, especially in Roses, should make a note of the varieties mentioned.

THE FINEST CONIFERS.

A question is asked by a reader ("W. T. W.") as to the best conifers for gardens. We are pleased to give advice upon this subject, because many mistakes are committed in making selections, tender kinds being planted in entirely unsuitable positions. A glance at gardens of the present day will reveal this. Hungry, battered, and unhealthy "Monkey Puzzles" (*Araucaria imbricata*), Wellingtonias, and other kinds as ugly, disfigure park and pleasure ground. The *Araucaria* is beautiful when seen in places that agree with it, as at Dropmore, near Maidenhead, but it is seldom comfortable in the British Isles. Our correspondent may select any of the following, with the knowledge that they will not disappoint. Of the silver Firs, *Abies cephalonica*, *A. amabilis*, *A. grandis*, and the beautiful *A. nordmanniana* may be recommended, especially the last-named, which does not start growth too early in the spring. The Deodar Cedar is elegant, but in severe winters it frequently gets much damaged; it is, nevertheless, much planted. We prefer, however, the Atlantic Cedar (*Cedrus atlantica*), which is quite hardy and very handsome. One of the most important of coniferous groups is that known as Cupressus, which is especially adapted for comparatively small gardens; it grows freely in ordinary soil. Retinosporas are now included amongst the Cupressus. Select from *C. macrocarpa* (the Monterey Cypress), very useful for seacoast planting, *C. sempervirens*, *C. nootkatensis* (*Thuopsis borealis*), very hardy and graceful, and the well-known *C. Lawsoniana*, which is perhaps the most hardy and useful of the whole group, and makes an excellent hedge; the variety *erecta viridis* is even more sought after than the type *C. obtusa* (*Retinospora obtusa*), *C. pisifera* (*R. pisifera*), useful for lawns, *C. plumosa*, and *plumosa aurea*, which is very bright in colour; a well-drained soil and warm position bring out its full colour. The Red Cedar (*Juniperus virginiana*), the Savin, for dry banks, *Picea Englemanni*, *P. morinda*, a noble Fir, *P. pungens* and its variety *glauca*, *P. Strobus* (Weymouth Pine), the splendid *P. laricio* (Corsican Pine), *P. austriaca* (Austrian Pine), *Pseudotsuga* (*Abies*) *Douglasii*, very ornamental and hardy, Yews, and *Thuja Lobbi*. Of course many kinds are omitted, but these are hardy and beautiful.

COVERING GROUND BENEATH TREES.

It is often a difficult matter to get anything to grow beneath trees, especially when these are Firs. The following plants are likely to succeed: *Ivies*, *Hypericum calycinum* (Rose of Sharon), *Berberis aquifolium*, and the larger and lesser Periwinkles (*vinca major* and *minor*), but *Ivies* are even happy under such circumstances. We do not fully appreciate the beauty of many of the *Ivies*, such as *Atropurpurea*, almost black, so intense is its colour, *Elegantissima*, *Digitata*, *Emerald Gem*, *Palmata*, and *Glymi*.

A NEW AND SERIOUS GOOSEBERRY DISEASE.

We were much interested in a description of the "Gooseberry Mildew" given in the volume of the Royal Horticultural Society's Journal for 1900. Mr. Ernest S. Salmon, F.L.S., who contributed the paper, received last August from Mr. E. L. Moore of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Glasnevin, some diseased Gooseberries; the berries were found to be covered with the brown scurf-like mycelium of a fungus—the American Gooseberry mildew (*Sphaerotheca mors-vivae*). This is the first record of the appearance in the Old World of this fungus. Mr. Salmon writes: "In the United States the present disease is widely spread on cultivated and wild species of *Ribes*, and constitutes the most serious obstacle to the cultivation in that country of 'foreign' varieties of the Gooseberry (*i.e.*, those developed from the native Gooseberry of Northern Europe), as it is found that these almost invariably fall a prey to the mildew." The mildew first makes its appearance upon the half-grown leaves and the unfolding terminal bud of the shoot. In its early stages it has a cobwebby appearance, which soon becomes white and powdery from the development of the light conical spores. Soon after this thin patches of the same character may be found upon the forming berries. Usually one side is more attacked than the other, and as the berry continues to grow it becomes one-sided or curved, because the fungus retards the development upon the infected side. If the berry is entirely covered, its further development is generally checked. Later in the season other leaves, and especially the petioles and the young stems bearing them, turn a rusty brown colour, and become thickly coated with brown patches of mycelium, which may be readily peeled from the smooth stem of the fruit. Mr. Salmon says: "A series of experiments was made during three seasons to test the comparative value of potassium sulphide, Bordeaux mixture, lysol, a formation as a fungicide, and it was proved conclusively that potassium sulphide was by far the most effective. It is stated that in wet seasons the disease flourishes and is difficult to control, while in dry ones the mildew can be almost entirely prevented by the thorough use of fungicides. The strength of the potassium sulphide should be one ounce to two or three gallons of water, and spraying should be begun very early, just as the buds are breaking, and continued at intervals of ten days." Fruit-growers should watch closely and apply remedies at once when the disease is detected.

SOME COMMON AND UNCOMMON CLIMBING ROSES.

We think the following list of vigorous climbing and pillar Roses will interest readers. The list has been sent to us by a well-known amateur, and several kinds mentioned are almost unknown in gardens: *Aglais* or *Yellow Rambler*; *Aimée Vibert*, which of course is not a new or rare Rose; *Belle de Baltimore*, pink; *Brunonis*, very strong, making shoots from 10ft. to 15ft. long in one season; *Carmine Pillar*, or *Paul's Carmine* as it is also called; *Cramoisie Climbing*, velvety crimson; *Crimson Rambler*, *Dundee Rambler*, *Félicité-Perpetue*, *Mme. Alfred Carrière*, *Paul's Single White*, *Polyantha*, *Polyantha grandiflora*, and *Polyantha multiflora*, *Prairie Belle*, pink trusses; *White Noisette*, *Evergreen Gem*, a hybrid from *Rosa wichuriana*, bronzy-coloured foliage, scented like Sweet Briar, and yellowish-buff flowers; *Jersey Beauty*, a hybrid between *wichuriana* and *Perle des Jardins*, very vigorous, with flowers of yellow shading. Of late years much thought has been given to the climbing Roses, and the frequent additions being made to the list will make them still more popular. We must not, however, forget the old favourites. No more beautiful climbing Rose exists than *Aimée Vibert*, a thoroughly hardy, almost evergreen kind, with masses of pure white flowers in summer and in autumn; it seems always in bloom. *Mme. Alfred Carrière* is another of the older Roses. It is impossible to overpraise such a flower as this, as beautiful in its loose dainty form as *Viscountess Folkestone*, and even its growth is graceful, a careful tumbling kind of shoot, clothed with deep green leathery leaves, setting

off the large white blossoms. We gathered quantities of flowers last summer to fill large bowls. Few, if any, Roses are more useful for cutting. The flower has a long stem, and loosely arranged in a bowl the effect is delightful.

A NEW PLANT.

Tea Rose Liberty.—This Rose was raised by Messrs. Dickson and Sons of Newtownards, the famous Irish Rose growers and raisers. It was exhibited recently by Messrs. Paul and Son of Cheshunt at one of the meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society, and given an award of merit. The flower is not large, but of an intense crimson colour, similar to *Meteor*, but the shape is different. If it succeeds better outdoors in this country than *Meteor* it will be an acquisition. We think, however, that its chief value will be in its adaptability for forcing. Its stems are very long, and this makes the variety valuable for cutting.

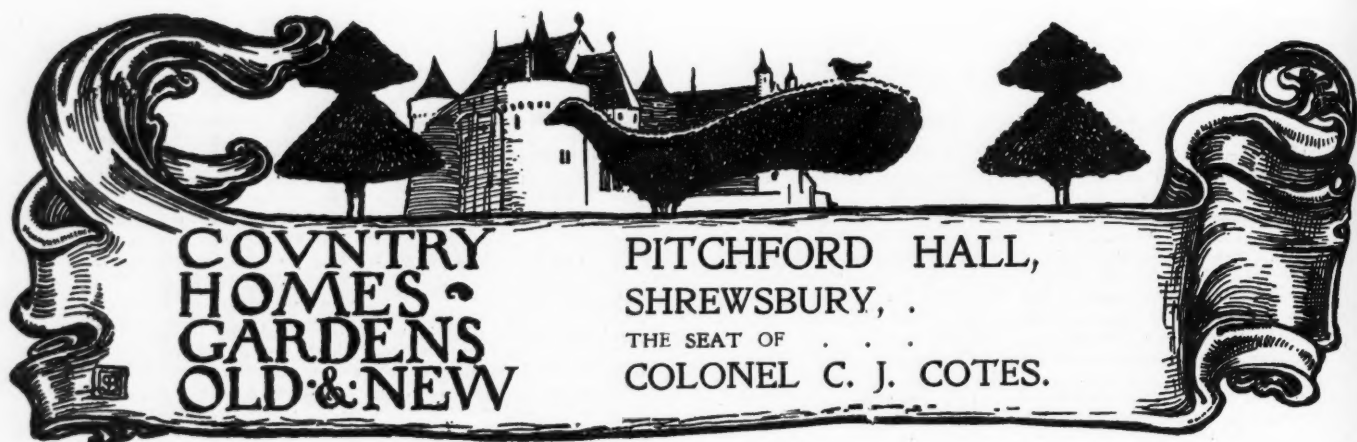
CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—Flower and Vegetable Seeds, etc., Fruits, Chrysanthemums, and Carnations: Messrs. James Veitch and Sons, Limited, Royal Exotic Nursery, 544, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W. Chrysanthemums, Supplemental List: W. Wells, Earlswood Nurseries, Earlswood, Redhill, Surrey. New and Select Chrysanthemums: Mr. W. J. Godfrey, The Nurseries, Exmouth, Devon. Hardy American Plants: Mr. Harlan P. Kelsey, Highlands Nursery, Boston, Mass. "Kelway's Manual of Horticulture for 1901": Messrs. Kelway and Son, Langport, Somerset. Garden Seeds: Mr. William Baylor Hartland, Cork, Ireland; Messrs. J. R. Pearson and Sons, Chilwell Nurseries, Lowdham, Notts. Seeds, Novelties, and Specialities: Mr. William Bull, 536, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W. Seed Guide for 1901: Messrs. Barr and Sons, 11, 12, and 13, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Flower and Vegetable Seeds: Messrs. R. H. Bath, Limited, The Floral Farms, Wisbech; Messrs. Kerr Brothers, 36, High Street, Dumfries; Messrs. Stuart and Mein, Kelso, Scotland; Messrs. James Cocker and Sons, 130, Union Street, Aberdeen; Messrs. Frank Dicks and Co. (Late Dobie and Dicks), 66, Deansgate, Manchester. General Catalogue: Etablissement Horticole, La Caorsaccia, Ajaccio, Corsica.

THE ADDER-CATCHER.

THERE is no better-known figure in the New Forest than "Brusher" Mills, the adder-catcher. It is doubtful if there is anyone else at all like him in England. His occupation, person, and domicile are all unique. For a living he catches snakes, and sells them to collectors. The adders' fat he boils down and sells as a specific against burns, cuts by brass, bites by horses or rats, bites by adders, and rheumatism. The catalogue is an odd one, and the belief in the virtue of adder fat is, we believe, well founded. The oil is probably in a state of most minute subdivision, and, when rubbed into the skin, penetrates and really lubricates the joints or muscles, just as lanoline, the grease in sheeps' wool, does. We have heard the huntsman of a New Forest pack order some from "Brusher" for a lame hound. "Brusher" lives in a charcoal-burner's hut on the side of Gritnam Wood. For a bed he has a large sack of beech leaves; but it must be very lonely and cold in the hut now that he is growing old. At the Zoo there are generally one or two of the large snake-eating cobras, which consume a large number of common snakes for their meal, and their "daily snake" is provided by the New Forest adder-catcher. With the long scissor-like tweezers hanging at his button-hole he picks up the adders.



"BRUSHER" MILLS.



THAT beautiful home of old Englishmen which we depict to-day lies in a chosen part of the pleasant county of Salop, and is within about six miles from Shrewsbury. You may approach it, if you choose, by a delightful walk through the fields from Condover Station, passing as you go old Condover Hall, which has already been illustrated in these pages, and which, in its fine old frontage of stone, presents a very suggestive contrast to the more picturesque charms of ancient timber-framed Pitchford. You will not forget that about a mile and a-half beyond the object of your journeying is the village of Acton Burnell, which is rather famous in our history. There is a castle there which closely resembles the Bishop's Palace at Wells, and was, indeed, built by the same hands.

When Edward I. held the great council of his Parliament at Shrewsbury, in 1283, one of its sessions was held at Acton Burnell, and the King took advantage of the thronging thither of many representatives of the commercial classes to issue the ordinance known as the Statute of Merchants, which confirmed their rights, and gave them power against their debtors. The neighbouring village of Pitchford took its name in very ancient times from a curious bituminous spring, which was described by Marmaduke Rawdon of York in the seventeenth century. That old writer speaks thus of the fountain: "Thir is in this well four little hooles, about halfe a yard diep, out of which comes little lumps of pitch, but that which is att the tope of the well is softish, and swimes upon the water like tarr, but being skimd together itt incorporates, and is knead together like soft wax and becomes hard."

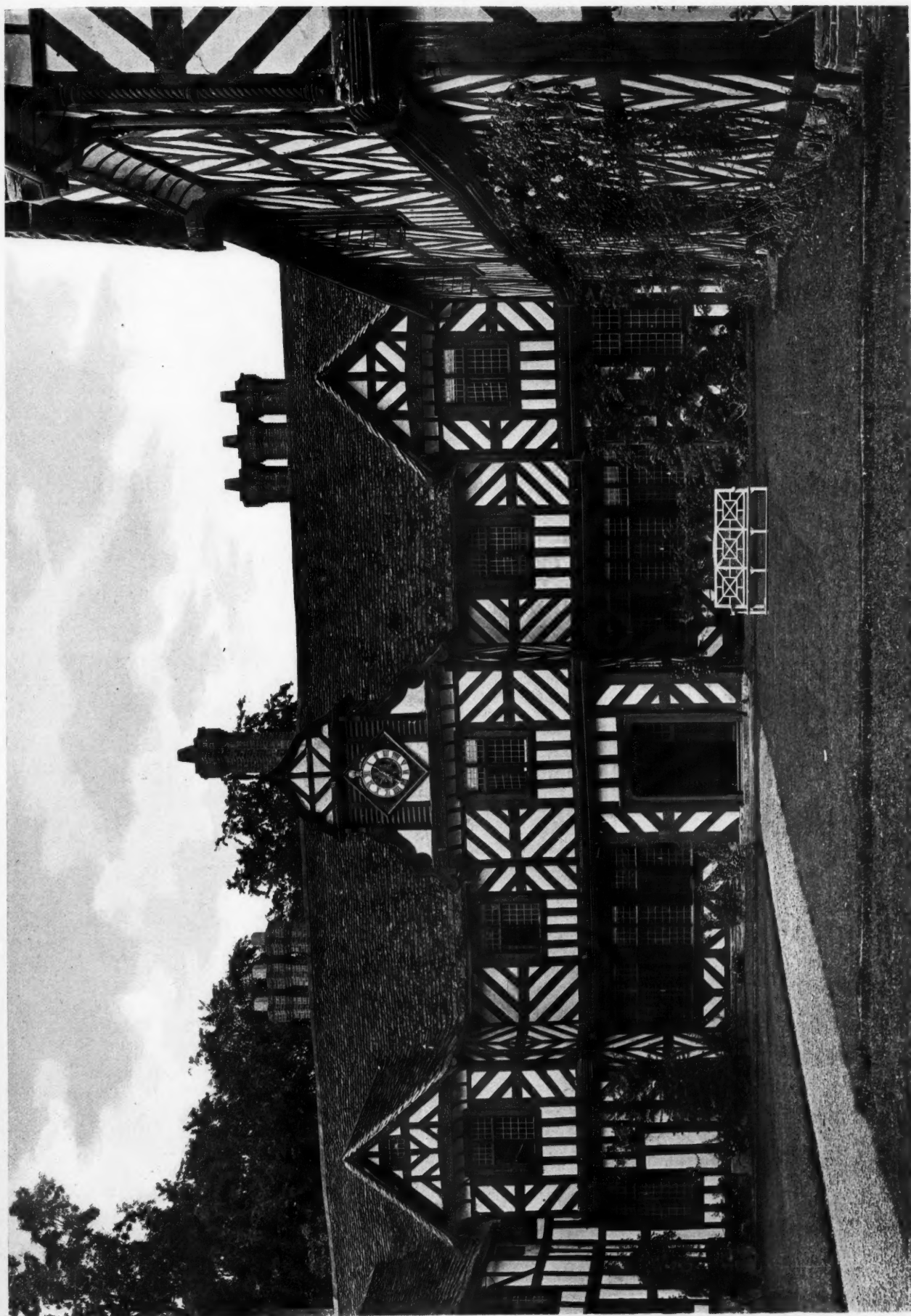
There was a landed family at Pitchford in the time of King Stephen who took their name from the place, and still in the ancient church is an oaken figure supposed to represent one of that fighting stock. What manner of house the De Pitchfords had in this place we cannot tell, but the property had not long been in the hands of the ancestors of its present owner, the Ottleys, to whom it came by purchase in 1470, when the existing mansion was erected. It is said to have been built by William Ottley, who was sheriff of the county. This was a forest country, where materials for the building lay ready to the hand, and many an oak bowed to the woodman's axe ere Pitchford Hall was raised. Go where you will, you will find few more beautiful examples than this of a style of architecture dear to the English mind, found mostly in Shropshire and northward through Cheshire and Lancashire, but in which no part of the country is poor. Happily, Pitchford Hall has remained in excellent hands, and is now practically unchanged from the aspect it anciently bore, except that the servants' wing was added at a later date, precisely in the same architectural style. There was once a moat about the house, which the Pitchford brook and the pond above the house supplied; and there was no doubt a sweet and radiant garden much to the owner's mind. Just as now, there were splendid trees surrounding, whose forest brothers had furnished the material for the building, and there were



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THE GARDEN DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE"

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—PITCHFORD HALL: THE MAIN FRONTAGE.

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THE WEST FRONT—A GRAND EXAMPLE OF TIMBER ARCHITECTURE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

neighbouring houses of note, wherein dwelt men of mark in the shire. Within the mansion the rooms were panelled with oaken wainscot, as they still are, though now more recent portraits are framed into the walls. They were troublous times for many, to whom moats were no safeguard, and the builder of Pitchford Hall or his successor was careful to construct a secret hiding-place, where priest or fugitive might be secure. It is a chamber of considerable size, as hiding-holes go, approached through a sliding panel, well concealed, by a ladder through a closet floor.

The house was shaped, as our illustrations show, like the letter E, the straight side being towards the church, though it was built long before Elizabeth could be flattered by such a plan.

Among the Ottleys who possessed Pitchford Sir Francis of the name deserves to be mentioned as the loyal governor of Shrewsbury in the Civil Wars. Their descendants continued to possess it until the year 1807, when on the death of the last of the name, Mr. Adam Ottley, it passed to the late Lord Liverpool



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THE KITCHEN GARDEN AND ITS FLORAL ADORNMENTS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—PITCHFORD HALL: THE RIVER WALK, THE HOUSE, AND THE SPREADING TREE.

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THE HOUSE FROM THE PITCHFORD BROOK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

grandfather of Colonel Cotes, as next-of-kin. During Lord Liverpool's ownership the fine and characteristic old place was carefully maintained, and he had the honour of welcoming Her Majesty within its walls, who, as Princess Victoria, visited it, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, in 1832.

A very fine view of the house is obtained from the summit of the avenue leading to Pitchford village, and a delightful prospect of the glorious old place lies also before the visitor who is privileged to ascend to that sweet old summer-house held secure in the arms of the mighty lime. What a delightful fancy created that rare resting-place, lifted aloft on the breezy slope to look over the ancient homestead and all the gardens and pleasure grounds that lay thereabout! There exists an old plan of the garden, made in 1680, which shows that the house was even then in the tree. Many have been the fashions of such

places. There was the well-known arbour of Erasmus, where he ate as if in the garden itself, for the very walls were shrubs and flowers, and whichever way he looked he had the garden before him. We remember also the summer resting-place of Sidney's "Arcadia," which was "a square room full of delightful pictures made by the most excellent workmen of Greece." Then we think of the more stately summer-house of the Lord Treasurer Burleigh at Theobalds, where in a semicircle were twelve Roman emperors in white marble, and a table "of touchstone," and, above, cisterns of lead for fish or for bathing in the summer. But which of these could have the simple charm of the shadowy retreat held safe by the Pitchford tree?

And what kind of garden do we survey from this pleasant altitude, or enjoy as we traverse the pathways? There

are fifteen acres of the pleasure, and the pictures disclose what they are. It is a dear old garden of pleasant scents and radiant prospects, with many a bloom to crown the successive seasons of the changing year. There are magnificent old trees, fine ornamental specimens, and yew hedges, and everywhere flowers, filling with radiance even the kitchen gardens themselves. On one side the land slopes down to the house, on the other it slopes away where grass terraces break the descent to the pleasant margin of the Pitchford Brook, where are walks and solitudes delightful to explore, and whence it is charming to look back to the beautiful old house we have left. But, perhaps, after all, the rarest charm will be found in the great and grand old trees which tower up with sublimity, and spread below their wide expanse of shade—the "old patrician trees" of that favoured land. There is beauty and charm, however, wherever we go, and with most pleasant thoughts of



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THE NORTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the good old English house and fair domain do we forsake the lovely surroundings of Pitchford Hall.

THE GREAT BUSTARD.

DURING the sixty-two years which have elapsed since the last of the native race of great bustards was killed at Lexham in Norfolk, attempts have now and again been made to reintroduce this handsome species, the largest British land bird, into England. For several reasons these praiseworthy efforts have failed, the chief being the killing of the birds by ignorant or inconsiderate gunners, and the decrease in size of those tawny tracts of heathland and warren which were the great bustard's favourite haunts. At the present time a further attempt is being made to establish in this country a flock, or "drove," of specially selected foreign birds, the locality chosen for the experiment being a stretch of suitable land not far from the old haunts of the last drove of native birds.

Among naturalists familiar with the district and the bustard's habits there is almost a consensus of opinion that this attempt is, like the earlier ones, doomed to failure. Much depends upon whether the recently-liberated birds are allowed to breed undisturbed next year, and everything upon their disposition to settle down amid scenes which are at present foreign and strange to them. As regards their being left undisturbed, Lord Walsingham's widely circulated appeal will undoubtedly meet with a satisfactory response from all genuine sportsmen; but whether it will have any weight with the large class of irresponsible gunners whose sole aim is to shoot what they can publicly or privately sell, remains to be seen. Among this latter class, too, there must be a great number of men who would not recognise a great bustard if they saw one, and who, upon the appearance of one in a wild state, would do their best to secure what they would certainly look upon as a prize. In respect to the birds settling down in East Anglia, considerable doubt is expressed as to whether, in spite of the fairly extensive heathlands and warrens still existing round Thetford, Swaffham, Brandon, and Sandringham, there is any tract of such country large enough to tempt them to permanently establish themselves on it. There is, however, some reason for hoping that, providing they are not interfered with, the birds might adapt themselves to the local conditions; for bustards, while preferring to spend

the daytime on heaths and warrens, which harmonise with the protective colouration of their plumage, frequently, especially at night and in the breeding season, resort to cultivated land, where they can obtain green food, such as young corn, instead of the sand lizards and dry heath grasses of the heaths and warrens. In Hungary, according to Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, the bustards during the moulting season, when they cannot fly, usually conceal themselves in cornfields; and in Spain they are most partial to open levels of corn and pasture land.

The chief cause of the decrease of native bustards during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries was the enclosure of many of the wide heathlands which were the favourite haunts of the droves. Even in the days when the cross-bow was a weapon of the chase, bustard-shooting was a popular pastime, and for a long time after weapons of precision were invented bustards provided sport in many English counties and in the lowland districts of Scotland; but until most of the great common lands were enclosed and cultivated, or planted with trees for game cover and the sheltering of sheepfolds, we do not hear that there was any considerable diminution in their numbers. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, large sections of their chief haunts had been taken away from them, and it was only on Salisbury Plain, some of



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THE OLD SUMMER-HOUSE IN THE LIME.

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THE MANSION AS SEEN FROM THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

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FROM THE WATERFALLS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the Yorkshire Wolds, and on the large warrens of East Anglia that a few diminishing droves were still to be found. About that time gunners seem to have realised that the species was becoming scarce in England, for it was then that a destruction of English bustards began, which did not cease until there was not a native bird left alive. There is little doubt that but for this persecution the native race would not even now be extinct, for the birds, especially in East Anglia, were beginning to adapt themselves to the changed conditions under which they existed, and, while preferring the heaths and warrens, were frequently found at all times of the year in the fields. In 1826 a drove of more than a dozen bustards frequented the neighbourhood of Icklingham, on the north-western borders of Suffolk, where there were several thousand acres of heathland; while near Swaffham, in Norfolk, and on Der-ingham Heath, near Sandringham, small flocks maintained a precarious existence. Of the Icklingham drove Mr. C. Gwilt says: "I often heard my late father allude to the bustards having been seen there, and particularly to the last occasion of his seeing them. This was in the spring of 1827, when, as he

was one day riding across Wether Hill Heath . . . he observed a flock of thirteen bustards among the heather. . . . The birds were not at all shy, for my father was able to ride within 30yds. or 40yds. of the flock, some of the birds being occupied in 'dressing' their feathers as he quietly passed them." The immediate cause of the disappearance of this drove was, according to Mr. Gwilt, the "detestably unsportsmanlike doings of some fellow from London," who shot some of the birds and trapped others. By 1832 the last of the drove had disappeared, and six years later the last of the indigenous race of British bustards was killed at Lexham, near Swaffham. The native droves on Salisbury Plain had all disappeared before 1810, and of the Yorkshire droves the sole survivor was trapped during the winter of 1832-33.

What these extinct native birds were like can be seen by anyone who visits the Norwich Castle Museum, where, in a large case in the centre of the room chiefly devoted to the Lombe collection of British birds, is a magnificent group of seven great bustards, all of which belonged to the vanished East Anglia droves. The largest bird, a male, which weighed 24lb., was found dead on a warren not far from Swaffham; it had previously been shot at and wounded. Another of the birds was caught in a rabbit trap in the same neighbourhood, and a third was captured and kept alive until it met with an accident which necessitated its being killed. One of the seven fine specimens is the Lexham bird which was the last of the indigenous race. A few years ago the entire group was reset in accordance with some sketches supplied by a naturalist who had studied the movements and habits of the great bustards in Spain.

In Denmark and Southern Sweden, where it used to breed, the great bustard is now exceedingly rare; and, so far as Europe is concerned, it is at present confined to the central and southern countries. It is most common in Spain, and in the south of that country is abundant, and, according to a well-known authority, likely to remain so. In a recent number of *Knowledge*, Mr. H. F. Witherby gives an interesting account of two months he spent in 1898 among the birds of the Guadalquivir, in which he says that on each of the three expeditions he made in search of bustards he was successful in finding them. "The country by the river, just below Seville," he writes, "is admirably suited to the habits of the bustard. The land here is a level plain, like the true marismas which lie further down the river, but, unlike the barren



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PITCHFORD HALL: THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

marismas, the soil of the land is fertile, and produces luxuriant crops of grass and corn. The grass and corn, besides providing them with ample food, form admirable cover for the great bustards when they most need it—in the breeding season." Here we have a statement which might well be used as evidence in support of an assertion that the great bustard might be reintroduced into England.

Should Lord Walsingham be successful in permanently re-establishing the species in England, naturalists and bird-lovers will owe him a debt of gratitude; for, now that the thick-knees, or stone curlews, are becoming rare visitors, and rarer breeders, in this country, opportunities for studying the habits of birds of the bustard tribe seldom come in the way of native observers. Besides, the addition of such a handsome species to the list of our breeding birds would go far towards making up the loss the country has sustained through the driving away of several once familiar birds from their British breeding haunts. It must be admitted, however, that unless some means of affording actual, as well as legal, protection for wild birds can be found, the newly-imported bustards stand little chance of escaping the fate of other rare visitors.

WILLIAM A. DUTT.

GAME PRESERVATION IN THE 19th CENTURY.—IV.

IN the Eastern Counties an egg guild has of late been formed, which has for its object the prevention of dealing in stolen game eggs. It is believed that if this practice of dealing, in contradistinction to selling by the producer, can be put down, the poaching of eggs will cease. It is a most

and they must be able to pick out every egg by the appearance of the shell. It would be far too long a business to examine each egg by passing the sunlight through it to the eye, and, besides, it is by no means a safe way of going to work, for the change which takes place when an egg is sat upon for a couple of days is very slight from internal appearances; but a change is easily observed in the shell. A new-laid egg has a dead or dull appearance on the surface, very much like cartridge-paper, but the sat upon egg acquires the appearance, more or less, of gloss and smoothness, such as there is on the paper used in producing COUNTRY LIFE. But it is not easily described, as some shells are so very much less roughened to start with than are others. I do not know whether the majority of keepers have the necessary knowledge of appearance to prevent them putting bad eggs under their hens, but certainly some have. It is very important, for, although it is easy to say "Break one," that only applies when single nests are offered, but a keeper who relied on this test when a mixed batch was offered to him would be very much put to it to discover what he was dealing for. The time at which eggs are put into water to see whether they swim or sink is later on, after sitting has been some time in progress, and although this is very useful to a gamekeeper after his eggs have been put down, and prevents bursts of bad eggs in the nests, it is of no use in the advance stages. Game birds, and especially pheasants, have got such very sharp eyes—so much sharper than the famed eyesight of the red deer, whom you can deceive if you only lie still; but you can never deceive a pheasant by merely remaining motionless. But in spite of this sharpness, you can take in a pheasant either with a pot egg or a bad one, whereas his foster-father, the keeper, is not to be taken in for a moment.

On one occasion in the sixties, when, for a time, partridge rearing by hand became fashionable and game preservers thought for a brief period that they were going to regulate the number of partridges, as they did those of pheasants, by hand breeding, I heard of a good instance of the advantage of this know



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PITCHFORD HALL: THE ENTRANCE DRIVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

excellent idea if it can be practically carried out; but can it? No doubt few keepers and fewer sportsmen would, if they knew it, buy pheasants' or partridges' eggs from a poacher, or more correctly egg-thief, but there is reason to believe that the dealers act as go-betweens to a very great extent, and whether this is so or not, it is quite certain that there is a ready market for stolen eggs, and that no questions are asked. If by any means this can be put down, it will greatly lighten the labours of the keepers, and game preservation will cease to be the expensive luxury it now is. It is a well-known fact that the most busy times of the gamekeeper are when he is putting down his pheasants' eggs, and when the young birds begin to come out. Then he, too, often becomes a henwife, as it were, and is obliged to be at home nearly the whole of the day; and at this very period the egg-stealer is busy with the partridges' eggs. But it is not always, or most often, the professional egg-stealer who does the most harm. Where there are ten of them, there are thousands of agricultural labourers who cannot help coming upon a nest sometimes, and when one honest fellow finds one he is too apt to talk about it and show it to others, so that all the nests which have been found are in danger. It is an extraordinary thing how clever the local dealers and collectors of game eggs must be, for they do not make the mistake of paying their money for eggs which have been sat upon; if they did they would lose it, for the wholesale men know better how to distinguish sat upon eggs; if they did not, the average of birds hatched, and their customers as well, would very soon fall away. A good keeper can tell at a glance whether a nest of eggs offered to him have been sat upon; but the wholesale dealers do not get nests of eggs offered to them, but packages containing many nests mixed up together,

ledge. Two neighbouring keepers were the one in the employ of a great covert owner, the other in that of a partridge driver, a great shot, and a good sportsman, who must have been one of the first to take to this form of sport. The partridge keeper had given out that he would exchange pheasants' eggs for partridges' eggs at any time, and the pheasant keeper, hearing of this, sent over one or two nests of partridges' eggs that he had lifted from dangerous spots, and got pheasants' eggs in return. Both these men had the character of being particularly smart, and the pheasant keeper examined the eggs received with particular care. He found nothing wrong with them, and I suppose this gave him reason to hope that he could get the better of the partridge keeper. Later in the season he sent over some more eggs, all of which he no doubt suspected to have been sat upon. The partridge man no sooner saw the first lot of these than he threw them to the ground, saying, however, that as the other man had taken the trouble to come, he should not be disappointed of his pheasants' eggs, and with these he returned. I suppose, however, the latter did not really believe that the other man knew, because he tried it on again. This time the partridge keeper expressed no doubt whatever, but took the eggs, and said he, "In order that you may be sure of the goodness of the pheasants' eggs, you shall take them yourself from under the wild sitting birds." This involved a round of some distance, and several nests of pheasants' eggs were taken, from each of which the old bird had to be driven off. Several more visits of this kind for more exchanges were treated in the same way, and resulted in a good supply of pheasants' eggs. Towards the end of the season a late lot of partridges' eggs arrived, and this time the partridge keeper professed that he could take no more, "in fact," said he, "I've got several hundred eggs for which I can get no hens, and if you like I'll give

them to you to pay you for your journey, and thank you besides." The pheasant keeper took the eggs and, late as it was, put them all under hens. But soon he found that the pheasants' eggs he had been obtaining in exchange did not hatch. So he sent over to his neighbour to say that he thought it very unfair that he should have been supplied with bad pheasants' for good partridges' eggs, and received a reply that the other keeper wished to keep up his character for fairness, so that when all the eggs had come to their hatching time, if he had less young than he (the speaker) had partridges out of the exchanged eggs, the balance of the partridges should be returned. Soon it happened that this claim was made, for no pheasants except the first few nests hatched out, and the pheasant keeper drove over to enquire how many partridges were due to him. His reception was rather a surprise; he was told that not a single egg sent by him had been put under hens, and if he wanted to know if they had been rightly suspected, he was to "go and look under your own hens, for they were the same eggs I gave you back, not one more nor one less." It was a case of the biter bitten, for he had taken all the trouble and lost the money he had paid for the hens to no purpose, except to make himself a laughing-stock for the district. He was a particularly sharp fellow caught in his own trap. It serves to show that some keepers do know and others do not the correct appearance of unsat upon game eggs, and that those who do have a great advantage.

The difficulty that the egg guild will have to contend against is of quite another character. It will be easy for them by inspection to declare who has the means of supplying home-laid eggs, and who has not; it will not be difficult, perhaps, to prevent sportsmen from dealing with those who have not the means of supplying eggs from their own pheasants; but what seems impossible is to prevent the many game farmers who may be so inclined from dealing also, as very many of them certainly do now. The larger ones buy up the eggs from the smaller ones as it is, and it does not seem reasonable to suppose that those who are so much in the hands of the smaller producers can exercise any healthy influence as to how the latter get their supplies. I am afraid, therefore, that instead of closing a traffic in

poached game eggs the guild will merely change the designations of the dealers in them, and give to them the appearance of honest game farmers. It is quite likely, in fact, I thoroughly believe, that many of the game farmers would not lend themselves to anything of this sort, but some of the most straight of them deal with the eggs of the smaller producers, and unless they give this up their own good intentions will be of no use in practice.

It will be quite possible for the guild to stop the open dealers; but these men can always start game farming if they wish to do so, as a cover for their dealing, which latter cannot be then proved against them. The egg guild have no intention of hurting the small producers, but it is probable that this will be the effect, and that they will drive them more and more into the hands of the bigger men.

We shall soon know how much real good the guild does, for it is an association which can only be judged by results. It will not be enough for it to show sportsmen that it has succeeded in suppressing a number of dealers, and that it has a large number of members; the real test will be whether or not the stealers of game eggs find that they can continue to sell them. With so many possibilities of finding a market through game farmers, big and little, I fear the guild will have enough to do to render stolen pheasants' eggs unsaleable.

There is another reason why it will be difficult to suppress the small producers, and it is that the latter generally have most room in proportion to their number of birds. This means better health, a greater variety of food, and that the pheasants do not live under such artificial conditions, and, more important still, are not crowded together in large numbers before going into the laying pens. I know it is not the wish to suppress small producers, but I fear that without doing so it will be impossible to affect the practice of dealing in eggs, although the name of dealer may cease to be. Game farmers, egg dealers, and the egg guild, are all the outcome of the latter half of the century.

ARGUS OLIVE.

MIXED SHOOTING IN SUFFOLK.

I HAVE heard—but hearing is not always the same thing as believing—of a certain crack shot who, if the numbers of birds or the manner in which they are handled be unsatisfactory to his soul, leaves his loader to carry off his guns, and, for his own part, leaves the shooting party abruptly. This may be taken to be an apocryphal story, founded, very likely, upon the notorious fact that there are numbers of men who find no kind of pleasure in shooting unless the birds come fast and furious and the slain are counted at least by hundreds. Far be it from me to deny that such sportsmen have reason absolutely on their side. Sport exists for man, not man for sport, and it has puzzled me for years to understand why every sportsman should not follow his own inclinations in his own way when he has the opportunity, and allow others to follow their tastes without abusing them. Why



W. A. Rouch.

A BEAT FOR PARTRIDGES.

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should the dry-fly fisher look scornfully on the wet-fly man, declaring that his methods are barbarous, or the latter report that the dry-fly fishing is skill of hand only, involving no knowledge of the habits of fish? Why should the slayer of hundreds despise him who gathers up mere tens into the bag. For the life of me I cannot tell, but I know that, were it not for the human habit of damning things, as well as sins, they have no mind to, some of the sporting papers would be hard pressed to fill their columns. It is on the contrary principle, that the first rule of social philosophy is to make the best of all things, that these pictures of a modest day's shooting are used as a text, or rather as an inspiration, for a few observations which they suggest.

Woe is me! I was not present upon this still winter's day when a few guns, a keeper, and a beater or two fared forth from the foot of Dunburgh Hill on the banks of the Waveney, to see what they could do in a modest way with



W. A. Rouch.

ON THE BANKS OF THE WAVENEY.

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snipe, partridges, pheasants, and rabbits. But the pictures, none the less, explain to one who knows the nature of the country the kind of sport that was to be expected, and, if one may say so, the thoroughly sportsmanlike spirit which animated them one and all. You see them, or some of them, first in the sedge and reeds by the water's edge, for they mean to cross it; and on the far bank, near the water which pheasants love, and where the grass is long, stray pheasants are more than likely to be found.

And now they are on Beccles Marshes, where there are dykes which must be walked for snipe, and where in the long grass there is cover for partridges, in which in most years they will lie fairly well. Other dry grass there is higher up, the kind of tract which in Wales would be called a "rough," where it is worth while to line up seriously and to sweep the whole ground. There is a wooded hill, too, on which rabbits are killed without preliminary trouble in ferreting, and there is good arable, on which quite a tidy bag of partridges is to be collected. In fact, there is no end to the variety of the sport which may be obtained on a rough and mixed shooting of this kind on any day in winter; and when hard weather comes it may be simply magnificent, for then water-fowl of all kinds resort to the marshes from the sea, and the wild geese come clanging in, and the whole day may be spent in shooting, and the pleasure of the sportsman is intensified a thousand-fold because he cannot know beforehand what he is going to get next. But, although he need not go to all the lengths in the way of clothing advocated by Colonel Hawker of blessed memory, he will do well to be warmly clad and excellently well shod. Indeed, when there is a risk that the tide may invade the marshes, long india-rubber boots, the "gum-boots of Bisley," are not to be despised, although I for one would rather get wet and have done with it than walk any distance in these very unpleasantly warm foot-coverings. Indeed, for really wet shooting there is nothing better than a stout pair of shooting boots, well greased, and old enough to have holes which will let out the water. Otherwise one is compelled from time to time to lie on one's back and raise one's feet so that the water may trickle out, and the position is so undignified that it provokes laughter.

Two other points in these pictures do I note with particular pleasure. The sportsmen, it is clear, are the genuine article, without any flummery or nonsense about them. They let the worthy weather-beaten keeper carry a gun on occasion, and one feels that, good shot or no—the veteran keeper is usually of the



W. A. Rouch.

"MARK OVER."

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I have my doubts, for I think my polecat ferrets have been better than the white among the rats; but when it comes to a matter of bolting rabbits, there is nothing to touch a good big white male ferret. Moreover, one can see with half an eye that our sportsmen, who are doing their little turn of ferreting after luncheon, understand their business, and that the keeper understands his also. His ferret, it will be observed, is as clean as a new pin, which means that he has been kept carefully in a dwelling so constructed that he can be clean. Nobody, except the faithful retriever, is anywhere near while the ferret is being introduced into the burrow. The guns which we see engaged in rabbit-shooting are far away. From this one is able to infer with reasonable certainty, or at any rate probability, that Master Ferret is in a proper state of hunger, so that he is not likely to lie up. Oh, that only a half of those who keep ferrets, following the very sound advice given to Tom Tulliver, would remember the equally sound rule of Mr. Barkley, that ferrets should never be fed except at sundown, and then not overfed, unless there is absolutely no chance that they will be wanted next day! Then will ferrets always be keen in hunting; yet even in the best managed establishments accidents will occur sometimes. We see one such illustrated in a picture, which clearly indicates that a bolt is not likely.

That is the worst of ferreting, especially in mild winters.

One can never tell that the engaging little rabbits will not have anticipated the spring, and I know no time of year when it can be taken as an absolute certainty that a hole in the open ground or in a wood—not in a bank—will not have young rabbits in it. Then the ferret, be he muzzled never so well (fine string is better than any ready-made contrivance), will surely "stick" for a while, scratching the baby bunny, and he will do likewise when he drives a grown rabbit into a *cul-de-sac*. At such times there is nothing for it but the spade or paddle, and, curiously enough, at such times the ferreter of experience is usually a better judge of the whereabouts of the rabbit than any dog, although some dogs are marvellous in locating the rabbit. At worst one can leave a man behind to watch and go on with the day's sport. But the point which it is desired to emphasise is, that on a "cut-and-come-again" shooting, of mixed character and modest ambitions, such as this shooting clearly is, the ferret may not only be a great help in the way of eking out the bag, but also a source of bodily comfort.

How many of us who are growing middle-aged, and beginning to feel our fences a little, know to our cost the eager young men who want to make a fresh start the moment luncheon is swallowed, and very rarely last as well as their elders when the afternoon is drawing to a close? For them, and for us, a quiet hour's ferreting after luncheon is a delightful compromise. There are those who decry it, vowing it to be poor sport, and I am not pretending that it is on a par with a hot corner. But to stand at a fair distance from the hole, with a good luncheon inside and a pipe in mouth, to watch the face of the silent keeper as he hears that faint subterranean rumbling which is the prelude to a bolt, and to roll over a scurrying



W. A. Rouch.

A GOOD FERRET.

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slow-and-sure and safe order of shots—he is a character and a rude naturalist, and that his retriever partakes of the nature of a familiar spirit.

Last, and best of all, they are not superior to the employment of the humble and insinuating ferret, and—if I know anything I know ferrets—they have the right kind. Mr. H. C. Barkley, in his delightful book on "Rat-catching" (John Murray), swears by a white ferret, even for rat-catching, because it is more easily seen than a polecat ferret if it leaves the hole and works away down fence or ditch-bottom. So far as rats go,

bunny, or perhaps to get two, right and left, as they come boiling out of the hole, is no mean satisfaction; what is more, it is not as easy as it sounds, for in ferreting, especially when there is much cover, you must be distinctly quick. So, the ferreting over, you take a little more partridge shooting, with perhaps a small drive in the middle of it, and, as you return by the river, it is hard if a pheasant or two more do not find their way to mother earth, and it may be that luck will favour the gun with strange birds flying in from the sea, or engaged on some mysterious migratory flight. At such times I have more than once secured entirely unhopd for woodcocks and great store of green plover. There, my gossip is over. I have no idea how much or how little these gentlemen killed; but the pictures have awakened so many happy memories of days of the same kind, that I feel sure they secured the main object of the sportsman's life—innocent and health-giving pleasure.

W. A. Rouch.

FOWLER.

BUILDING BYE-LAWS.

I.—ON ADOPTING THE BYE-LAWS.

IT requires no argument to show that at the present moment everything possible should be done to encourage the erection of houses in the country. Our rural population is on all sides admitted to be much too small for the national health, and unfortunately its tendency is to grow smaller. Yet there are not sufficient dwellings for those that remain, and the natural difficulties in the way of increasing them are well-nigh insurmountable. Labour and material have so greatly increased in price, that where agricultural wages are low it has become quite impossible to provide houses except on a basis of philanthropy, that is to say, it is nearly hopeless to expect in rent anything like a commercial return for the capital invested. Under these circumstances, it is surely reasonable to expect that the legal restrictions and regulations should be made as simple as is compatible with health and safety. But the complaint is made, and made loudly, not by the man in the street, but by those most entitled to a hearing—that is to say, owners who wish to furnish their labourers and tenants with good houses, architects who have to plan them, doctors who take an interest in hygiene, and lawyers who have to explain their provisions—that much in the Model Bye-laws issued by the Local Government Board is very vexatious, irritating, complicated, and unnecessary. Under these circumstances, and with the aid of experts actually engaged in planning or putting up cottages, the writer has gone over these



WAITING FOR BOLTING RABBITS.

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regulations carefully, for the purpose of discussing which of them act most prejudicially in the way of cramping and hindering the construction of houses. It is not in the least desired to attack the bye-laws *en bloc*, or even to cast blame on those who drew them up, the contention rather being that they were framed without any knowledge of how they would work, and that the practical experience of the last twenty years discloses a number of points on which they could be advantageously simplified or revised. When a private subject is building a house on his own ground and at his own expense, the interference of the State is a violation of the liberty of the subject if it exceeds by a hair's breadth what the safety and comfort of others demand. Obviously there must be a vast difference between town and country in this respect. The townsman has his neighbours all round him, so that a fire in his house or an insanitary arrangement of his drains may endanger the lives of thousands, while the traffic in the street makes it incumbent on him to do nothing that will embarrass or obstruct. In the country a man has always few and sometimes no neighbours, and the risks are much less, so that there is but a slight excuse for interfering with him. We must remember that all the old houses, some of which are as comfortable as and far more beautiful than the new, were put up without any supervision at all, and would indeed be utterly condemned by modern bye-laws.

It obviously serves but little purpose, however, to inveigh against the bye-laws in general terms, and therefore, even at the risk of trying the reader's patience, it will be better to make a methodical and orderly survey of them in particular, dealing with one group at a time. At the outset, however, it may be as well to say that the objections urged have all arisen in a practical form, that is, in the application of the law. The Model Bye-laws, then, are drawn up and issued by the Local Government Board under the Public

Health Act of 1875. Borough and district councils draw up bye-laws of their own, usually copied from these, with such modifications as are deemed necessary, which must be ratified by the Local Government Board before they become valid. But modifications are not very readily accepted. We meet with a grievance at the very outset. The rural district councils are not obliged to adopt the bye-laws, but they may do so; that is to say, when the rural district councils see that one part of their district is developing into anything like a town they can apply at once for power to make the same bye-laws as if they were an urban district or borough, and can adopt the whole of the bye-laws. But when adopted they apply not to the urban part only, but to the whole of the district—unless indeed it be resolved to confine them to a "contributory place," which is not often done—though the greater part of it may consist of agricultural land. Thus a rural district, often extending for miles round the large village or small



W. A. Rouch. MIXED SHOOTING: NOTHING FOR IT BUT THE SPADE. Copyright

town which forms its centre, has just the same regulations as a crowded town. It follows that regulations which were drawn up primarily to safeguard the health of great cities, become most oppressive when applied over large areas of purely rural character. An instance of the kind may be seen at Eynsford in Kent, where it has been found impossible to construct cheap houses for the labourers on the farms and gardens, because of regulations that were adopted to meet the requirements of the suburban part of the district. It is surely no unreasonable conclusion that their enforcement is an unnecessary interference with the liberty of the subject. Other objections are that it gives useless trouble to local authorities, adds unnecessarily to the number of officials, who, of course, have to be paid out of the rates, adds unreasonably to the cost of building, promotes the deadliest monotony and destroys all traditional building in design, stultifies invention, and prevents improvement. Sometimes, as in the case cited, it actually stops building, produces irritating conflicts with the local authorities, and particularly discourages the erection of cottages for the labouring classes by landlords on their own land. In a word, the bye-laws are quite out of their place in the purely rural part of a district. They were invented as protection against buildings dangerous to the health and safety of the community, chiefly in large and populous cities, where we have no wish to under-estimate their value. But how absurd it is that two or three cottages standing by themselves in the midst of grass and corn fields should be subjected to regulations designed to minimise the dangers of fire, fever, and jerry-building in crowded streets! Restrictions and conditions that are most necessary in London, Liverpool, and other large towns are merely ridiculous when applied to hamlets and roadside cottages. And there is another important point not to be forgotten. It is still the custom in some parts of England for a man when he gets hold of a piece of land to erect his own dwelling of whatever material comes most readily to hand, such as may be seen in the cob-walls of Devonshire, the soft chalk of Wiltshire, and so on. But the practical effect of the bye-laws is to restrain the energy of the rural handy man. And in that way, too, it spoils the look of the country, for what a correspondent calls the accursed back-to-back hutches can be put up where the beautiful solitary house is forbidden. "I know," says the same writer, "of back-to-back gardenless houses built within almost a stone's throw of land sold at £20 an acre." He tells me of a man who lived in one of the terraced gardenless abominations they call labourers' dwellings, to whom he afforded facilities for building, and who since 1893, when he took advantage of the offer, has been able to save £100 out of his garden alone.

One other point has to be made before we leave this branch of the subject. The bye-laws now being generally adopted by urban and district councils all over the country are those under consideration, but they vary in several particulars from the Model Bye-laws and even from one another, so that, apart from their stringency and inapplicability, the want of uniformity in districts closely adjacent adds to the inconvenience and irritation of both building proprietors and architects. The petty and unnecessary restrictions generate discontent that should not be. The remedy would be to divest the Local Government Board of its red tape and have each case of house-building dealt with on its merits. No reason lies in the nature of things for treating a wayside cottage as if it were a workman's dwelling in town, even though in the same district there is a part becoming urban. Having touched upon the adoption of the bye-laws, we may now come to the actual regulations. They begin with an interpretation of terms that in itself calls for no comment. Next we have the exemption of iron buildings not being dwelling-houses, which again calls for no remark, and the same may be said about the paragraph concerning the level of new streets. But the section that deals with the laying out of new streets must be left for another paper.

DRAMATIC NOTES

LONDON has been a City of Dreadful Night. As a token of respect to her late Majesty every playhouse in the West End of London has been closed; all new productions have been postponed.

At the beginning of her reign Queen Victoria was a patron of the Drama; she took the same intelligent interest in the play that she took in every branch of the national life. With the death of the Prince Consort she ceased to attend the theatres, but during the latter part of her life she displayed an awakened desire for occasional recreation in the form of theatrical entertainment, by private performances of grand opera and certain popular plays at Windsor Castle, and more rarely at Osborne and Balmoral. Even before the death of Prince Albert, we read in the "Life of Phelps," there were weekly performances for several seasons at Windsor Castle, when Phelps appeared in some of his principal characters under the direction of Charles Kean. Most of the famous lyric and histrionic artists had the honour of appearing at one time or another at these private representations before her late Majesty.

Their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra have been constant and ardent playgoers, and there is no reason to believe that they will cease to take pleasure in the Theatre. For the first time in the experience of

the younger generations we shall read of the presence of the Sovereigns at our leading playhouses on such and such a night.

How conservative we are in things theatrical, as in most other of our manners and customs, may be gathered from the fact that the patent granted by Charles II. to Tom Killigrew for the Cockpit (now Drury Lane Theatre) in Drury Lane, whereby that, with the theatre in Covent Garden, was given many rights of exclusive performance of stage plays in London, continued so to restrict the right of theatrical representation well into the reign which has just drawn to a close. Not until 1843 were these restrictions abolished.

The Opera, too, before Queen Victoria came to the throne, was the social function it remains. Until quite recently it was, as then, a mere meeting-place of fashion. It is interesting to read, in Mr. William Boulton's book, "Amusements of Old London," that "the Opera, in fact, like Almack's, was a social function which entirely outclassed anything of the sort at Court after the retirement of the poor blind king, George III. There was no question of getting in by the mere payment of money: a committee of ladies supervised the issue of every ticket, and a man or a lady went to the Opera, or did not, according as their social position was or was not considered worthy of that honour by the Lady Patronesses. . . . The performance did not matter in the least. . . . The Lady Patronesses who controlled London Society from the time of the Regency until Her Majesty came to the throne were accustomed to sit in conclave upon all the young men about to enter life, and decide as to whether or not they were eligible for admission to such stately functions as Almack's and the Opera. 'Only sixteen officers of the Guards were found worthy of that honour.'"

The aristocratic committee which at present really manages the Opera season at Covent Garden will learn with interest that even in the time of George I. it was not reckoned undignified for a man of great family to identify himself with the management of Opera—there is mention of at least two such in those times. "Horace Walpole touched lightly upon Lord Middlesex's connection with the business in 1747 in one of those pleasant paragraphs of his. 'Lord Middlesex,' he says, 'from his excellent economy in never paying the performers is likely to continue in the treasury.'"

Many are the references in the biographies of famous actors and actresses to meetings with Queen Victoria. We read in "The Keeleys on the Stage and At Home" that in 1895, Her Majesty, who always showed the greatest interest in the drama and in the actors and actresses who performed in her presence, enquired after Mrs. Keeley, and was informed that she was well and in her ninetieth year. The Queen expressed a wish to see her, and Colonel Collins arranged for Mrs. Keeley to have the honour of being received at Buckingham Palace, when she was presented to Her Majesty, the Empress Frederick, and to Princess Louise. The welcome given to the actress was most graceful and cordial, and the Queen was pleased to recall to mind several interesting incidents of the past. In this interview with the Queen reference was made by Her Majesty to a representation she remembered taking place forty-seven years before of "The Merchant of Venice" at a command performance at Windsor Castle in 1848, and to the farce of "Twice Married" which followed. When she entered the Royal presence all Mrs. Keeley's nervousness disappeared. "It was like being in the company of an old friend. The Queen rose and took my hand, and her voice was so soft and sweet, her words so kind and encouraging, that I was placed at my ease directly. And what a charming smile! I could have embraced her there and then. As it was I could not help saying before leaving, 'May I kiss your hand, madam?' and I did so. . . . Upon my reminding Her Majesty presently of the Royal visit to the Lyceum many years ago, when my husband and I were playing in 'To Parents and Guardians,' she appeared amused when I said, 'I'm afraid, madam, you were rather shocked at my behaviour as Bob Nettle; for it was reported at the time—I don't know with what truth—that your Majesty had said you would take care the children didn't come to see me in it.'"

When Helen Faucit was still acting, being then Mrs., and not yet Lady, Martin, she was on terms of much intimacy with the Queen, and spent many happy times with her at Windsor and elsewhere. In his "Life of Helen Faucit," Sir Theodore Martin, her husband, tells us that during Lady Martin's last illness "the Queen was constant in her enquiries, both by telegram and by letter. The very last words read by Lady Martin were in a telegram from Her Majesty."

In Mr. Edgar Pemberton's biography of "The Kendals" he tells us that in 1887 Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were commanded to appear before the Queen at Osborne. "Directly the curtain went up on Theyre Smith's sparkling comedietta—"Uncle's Will"—"the Queen, in no uncertain way, evinced her appreciation, and gave the somewhat nervous actors heart, and so the success of the evening was at once a thing assured. . . . At the conclusion of the performance the Kendals were presented to the Queen; Mrs. Kendal was cordially enjoined to 'kiss hands,' and probably for the first time in the annals of the stage actors were made at home in this private gathering of the Court. Her Majesty was more than gracious, frankly saying how much she had enjoyed the performance, and asking many questions that showed how truly her interest had been aroused." Mr. Pemberton adds that, "although since 1887 many of our leading actors and actresses have appeared before the Queen, it should never be forgotten that the Kendals were the first to be invited. . . . to most happily reawaken our Sovereign's interest in the stage."

From Miss Emily Soldene's "My Theatrical and Musical Recollections" we learn that when "The Colleen Bawn" was produced at the Adelphi Theatre in 1860 the Queen was so delighted with the play that she went to see it three times in one fortnight. She took such an interest in the piece that the expedition to Killarney was the direct consequence. A special copy of the drama was made by request of Her Majesty. "The Princess Alice appropriating this, another one had to be made for the Queen." In the same book we are told that "Mr. Charles Kean, being 'Master of the Revels,' superintended all the performances" (at that time) "at the Castle, but the 'casts' were invariably submitted for the Royal approval. . . . Mrs. Boucicault says in those days the Queen was always gay and laughing, but the Prince Consort was grave and dignified."

Mr. Henry Morley, in his "Journal of a London Playgoer," wrote of another example of Queen Victoria's never-failing kindness. Mrs. Warner, a popular actress of her time, fell on evil days in 1851. "Among other indications of the great respect in which the sick lady is held, it appeared that Her Majesty had not been content with simply subscribing towards the support required by Mrs. Warner's family, now that its prop fails, but that, having learnt the importance of carriage exercise to the patient, with a woman's delicacy at once found the kindest way to render service, by herself hiring a carriage which she has caused . . . to be placed daily at Mrs. Warner's disposal."

As a conclusion to these rambling notes, we will make a quotation from Mr. Clement Scott's "Drama of Yesterday and To-day": "Before the lamented death of H.R.H. the Prince Consort there was no more enthusiastic playgoer than Her Majesty, and she particularly enjoyed farces and funny plays, and was, of course, an excellent audience. Thanks to the good offices of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who knows more about plays and good acting than most men, and has been the best friend to the players of this and all countries they have ever had, the semi-court theatricals at Balmoral, Windsor, Osborne, and Sandringham have been partially revived, thus enabling Her Majesty to see the distinguished actors and actresses of what may be called the Henry Irving period of dramatic art."

That Prince of Wales is now His Majesty the King. The drama will lack no encouragement at his hands.

PHŒBUS.

O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

NOT the least remarkable of the manifestations of our national mourning is the way we have lost heart for our usual pleasures. Hunting is suspended all over the kingdom, and will not begin again till after the funeral. The first note was struck when on Monday week Lord Lonsdale communicated a telegram from Osborne to the Quorn; field and hounds were stopped in the middle

of a run, and everyone turned sadly homeward with the shadow of the coming sorrow in their hearts. And this mourning is not merely national, but personal. The Monarch never dies, and it is of the spirit of the Constitution that the demise of the Crown should interrupt as little as may be the course of the nation's life. It is only otherwise when the people will it, as they have done in this instance. But life must go on, and there is the future as well as the present and the past to be thought of, even in our recreations. No doubt we shall hunt again, though everybody, save the officials, will lay aside "pink" coats for the rest of the season. There are two changes to be thought of. One of the chief hunting counties of England has lost both its Masters. Lord Enniskillen and Mr. Corbet have resigned the Cheshire Hunt from the close of the current season, and will be succeeded by Mr. Wilson of the Ledbury and Mr. Reginald Corbet. The Cheshire Hunt as a county institution dates from the year 1798, and has thus rather over a century of corporate life. Mr. Corbet has been connected with it for thirty-five years, or more than a third of the whole life of the Hunt. His knowledge of sport, a certain incisive quaintness of speech, his control over his field, and his skill as a huntsman, mark him out as one whom future historians of hunting will love to write of as worthy to rank with such names as Meynell, Osbaldiston, Assheton Smith, or Beaufort.

In that south division of the country which shares with the Whaddon Chase the credit of being the best two-day-a-week territory in England, the continuity has not been broken, for a Reginald Corbet will still be Master. But the most striking news which reaches me is that after all the Pytchley will not change Masters. Mr. Wroughton has shown good sport during his seven years' tenure, and there would be no reason why he should not go on seven years longer if only he would study some of the methods of his nearest neighbours. If my

information be correct, then Lord Southampton would remain with the Woodland Pytchley. As shooting interests in parts of this country make foxes somewhat scarce, the probability is that, as in the past so in the future, a sufficient number of hunting days would be made up by granting the Woodland Pytchley an occasional day in Mr. Wroughton's country. The incident of the meeting of these two packs in Carlton Wood on Monday week was as notable an occurrence as has ever happened in the history of hunting. Two packs have often started from distant points, and, both running hard, have clashed before the end of the day. We had an instance of this with the Duke of Beaufort's and Mr. Batt Miller's hounds the other day. In this case Will Dale, of the Badminton, took the horn, and with the forty couple of hounds killed his fox. That is an instance of a remarkable but not very uncommon chance. But in the case of the two Pytchleys the circumstances were different. The parent hunt met at Hardwick, and ran a ten-mile point to Carlton, in the Woodland country. The senior pack had had a scent all day, and probably it was the best sport they have had this year. On the other hand, Lord Southampton took his hounds to Whitepost, and had a wretched day. From place to place they wandered, finding foxes and losing them as soon as found. There was absolutely no scent; and then in Carlton Wood they found the other hunt, flushed with a good gallop, the second that day. But it must not be supposed that the Woodland Pytchley have had a bad season. So far they have been better off than the others; perhaps, however, in accordance with the old Pytchley superstition that in their country the scent lies well before Christmas and not after, or *vice versa*, they are now in for a run of sport.

On Tuesday I had a most delightful day. It is possible, however, that opinions might differ on that point. "A horse for you at Tilton Station," was the message. To go down the night before was impossible; there was



Photo.

IN THE HOLDERNESS COUNTRY.

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then nothing for it but to get up early on the day. In the early morning it was damp and foggy in London; but I found myself in a cab rolling off to Euston to catch the 7.20 a.m. The carriage was comfortable, and travelling is no trouble without luggage. Tilton Station probably sees as many horse-boxes and pink coats as any place in England of its size. It enjoys the distinction of being within reach of more good fox coverts than any station in England. The friend who provided the mount had sent a certain brown horse which justly bears the reputation of being one of the pleasantest animals a man could wish to ride. That means much to people who do other things besides hunting. Leisurely we jogged off (my friend came down from Melton) to Coles Lodge, where there was a great assembly—Lord Manners, whose light weight and good hands stand him in good stead across such a tiring country for horses as the Tuesday Cottesmore; Mr. Spender Clay, who has some nice horses, and I thought Mr. Foxhall-Keene's first horse looked more than useful. Major Bradfield Akinson is another man who rents stalls at Melton and has a good string. Mr. Evan Hanbury and his men were well mounted. Thatcher was always a good horseman, but he has improved with time; he takes much more care of his horses. Always with his hounds, he never rides to the gallery, but for the sake of hunting. With the exception of Fred Gosden of the North Cheshire there is not one of our younger huntsmen who is so immersed in his work when at it as Thatcher. In consequence



Photo.

THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY.

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he is making a first-rate huntsman.

I am absolutely certain that though luck goes for much in hunting, continuous good sport such as the Cottemore have had is not accidental. Of the lady followers I noted the Duchess of Newcastle. Mrs. C. Hay, Mrs. Russell Monro, Mrs. Candy, and Lady Downshire. I did not see the famous chestnut. It was in Launde Big Wood we found. A big, sleek-looking fox came out and looked at me, and then glided away with his head to the wind. Presently Thatcher came up quietly and steadily. No noise or shouting, but the hounds melted away from round his horse. One hound with a beautiful neck and shoulders gave a bell-like note rather light and silvery, and the others joining in, one squeaky, shrill voice seeming to lead the chorus, we went on into the Park Wood, but hounds were driving hard at their fox before we reached Owston. Every nerve was now strained to get away from the wood with them. With the ground as it is this winter, it is almost fatal to seeing hounds in a run to have a bad start. In bucketing to the front you exhaust your horse. Thanks to a handy horse, a view of the Master's tack, and a very useful rail in a fence, I got to hounds fairly well, to find as the topography dawned on me that Tilton Wood was just in front. Actually we are through the wood, but lose a good deal of ground. The hounds began to swing round, and the fox seemed inclined to make for a refuge in the Quorn country. Then came the railway; quite an impassable barrier. Hounds luckily turned to the right when they had crossed this, and after some fears and hopes, jumping several places which to my eyes looked very forbidding, but which my kind pilot seemed to look on as quite everyday sort of jumps, we reached hounds in Owston Wood. Here again I viewed the fox dead beat; rather light in colour in Launde Wood, he was now black. I never uttered a sound, for I firmly believe that the best way to lose a beaten fox is to shout. One more gallant effort he made, going out on the Wadborough side and dying before he could reach Knossington, which was probably the refuge in his mind.

That I have a very great partiality for Lincolnshire and a very great liking for the Southwold Hunt, the very nursery of sportsmen and riders to hounds, I have never disguised. Nevertheless, I could not be in two places at once, but all the same I heard of this sport by Wednesday evening. Horncastle was the place of meeting. Most people connect it with the famous horse fair. To my mind come back the comfortable old-fashioned inn and the good fox coverts round about. There are no hunting centres, too, than Horncastle, for it commands both the Southwold and the Blankney. Other packs may be more fashionable, but if you do not fear big ditches, both will show the very best of sport. Unluckily the Master was away, having been laid up by a fall on the day before. West Ashby was the order, where Colonel Stack, well known to old Indian racing men, lives now and hunts regularly. Gillson carried the horn, and very well he hunted the hounds. I never think the Horncastle country a very good one for scent, especially on the higher ground, but this West Ashby fox seemed to leave a good scent, and hounds could always hunt him. The greater part of the run was on the high ground until Worlaby was reached, when the fox baffled hounds. Then, says my correspondent, Gillson showed he had not served under Mr. Rawnsley for nothing, for taking hold of the pack in the quiet way to which they are used, he dropped them neatly on to the line; hounds ran well, after picking up the scent, back towards Belchford Gorse, not far from the kennels, where they marked a fox to ground.

Lord Willoughby de Broke's third article on "Hunting" in the *Radminton* should be read by everyone. It is full of the soundest advice. Since the pen dropped from the late Duke of Beaufort's hand, we have had no such writer on hunting topics—clear, practical, and, what so many forget to be, readable.

I have been asked to remind readers of COUNTRY LIFE of the Hunters' Improvement Society's Show on March 12th and 13th, and Polo Pony Society's Show on March 14th. Also that the last-named society will hold its annual dinner on March 14th, under the presidency of Sir Richard Green-Price.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

A JANUARY BUTTERFLY.

JANUARY 26TH.—Even our bleak coast—and North Norfolk can be bleak in the first quarter of the year—has been producing its January butterflies in token of the "abnormal mildness" of the first year of the century, and a little dark triangle in the corner of a ceiling reveals the spot where a tortoiseshell butterfly, that was fluttering on the window-panes a few days ago, has elected to go to sleep again now that the weather has turned chilly. His action shows how entirely passive wild creatures have been in the changes made by Nature for their benefit; for, if he had any idea whatever of the meaning of the dark and streaky colouring of his under-side, the corner of a white ceiling is the very last place where he would choose to hide.

UNCONSCIOUS MIMICRY.

Many writers on "protective mimicry" seem to credit insects, birds, and animals with the power of *consciously* selecting hiding-places which harmonise with their colour or shape, so as to become invisible when at rest; and indeed the temptation to give the little things credit for such pretty intelligence is always strong. But the example of the tortoiseshell on the ceiling is not needed to disprove the idea, for surely no one will credit an insect with the amazing power of exactly matching shades of colour and distinctions of outline which it has never seen! The tortoiseshell cannot know what the shape of his wings is,



Photo.

WHADDON CHASE: AT SOULBURY.

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nor what he is like when he has closed them, because the position of his head and the shortness of his neck make it impossible for him to see himself. Many beetles, too, which are clever at hiding, cannot look at any part of themselves, back or front; but this does not prevent them, say, from folding their tell-tale legs out of sight when danger threatens and rolling to the ground, where they lie exactly like little nodules of the brown earth. The mimicry is perfect, but the beetle has no notion of it.

HIDERS AND SCUTTLEERS.

What has happened has been that ages ago some members of the beetle family—then a small one—escaped being eaten by falling to the ground and being "lost," while others happened to escape by scuttling under stones and so on. This went on for generation after generation, until the enemies of the beetles had eliminated from the former all those which were easily seen when they fell to the ground. Thus those which were most like the earth had the best chance of escaping in each brood; and every successive generation was the offspring of parents who had had a tendency to be more like the ground than their brothers and sisters, and, of course, the young, inheriting this tendency from both parents, exhibited it in an increased degree. Most of them did, that is to say, and Nature saw to it that those which did not should not as a rule survive. Sharp-eyed birds and mice were able to see them, and gobbled them up. So the process has gone on, until to-day there are common English beetles which you have to examine very closely indeed, even when you have them in your hand, to see what they are, but the insect does not know anything about this. The other members of the original family, who scuttled under stones and so on, instead of lying still, have also changed; but what they have gained are great rapidity of movement and singular skill in burrowing and scrambling out of tight corners, and many of them gleam with copper and gold and green. Hiding is not their forte, but they do not know why.

ROBIN MORTALITY.

The first bird's nest of the year—for we may expect birds' nests after we have butterflies—is generally a robin's, and since the beginning of this month most of the robins that came to the gardens soon after last year's corn had been harvested have been going back to the fields and lanes, leaving only the few pairs which annually nest round the house. These cannot always be the same birds, for their familiarity tempts the cat; but no matter how many broods are produced in summer, nor how many birds are killed in winter, spring always finds about the same number of pairs in residence. Where does the surplus go? Apparently there is no surplus, taking one year with another, for robins were just as common a hundred years ago as they are to-day. Yet it is rather a terrible thought that even this favourite bird, which hardly any man or boy will kill, may go on producing its two or three broods, with from five to eight young in each brood, every year, and still be only just able to keep up its numbers from one century to another. This seems to mean that nine out of every ten robins are killed, one way and another, within twelve months of birth.

SINGING TO PLEASE.

Luckily the robins do not calculate their mortality statistics, else they would not be so conspicuously cheerful, and we should lose much. For the great charm in the robin's cheerfulness is that he evidently likes us to share it, and always prefers to sing within human hearing. A blackbird which has been singing loudly will stop suddenly as the gardener approaches, but the robin will wait till the man is just passing under his tree and then suddenly carol his best stave. For, though song is the birds' natural language of love and hate—since there is nothing, even in the nightingale's song, as it rings on the crystal silence of night, to tell you whether the bird is charming the mate at his elbow or cursing his rival two fields and a garden off—they certainly seem to attach æsthetic value to music.

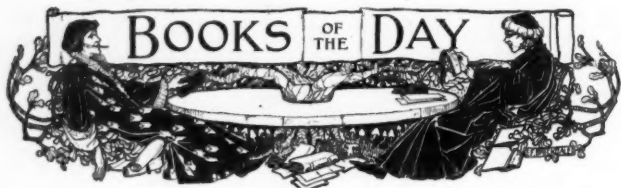
AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE OF ONE.

The other day I heard a chaffinch singing loudly and persistently to an audience which consisted only of one other cock chaffinch. As far as feathers went, the listener seemed the finer bird of the two; but the other's song gave him very evident pleasure. When, after each effort, the songster flitted lightly to the next branch, the "audience" immediately followed, and sat close to him with crest expectantly erect, obviously soliciting him to "oblige just once more." After hearing about twenty songs, all exactly alike, I went away; but the last I heard of the pair was the performer "obliging" again. German bird-trainers utilise the chaffinch's fondness for hearing other birds' songs in its education, but you do not so often see it exhibited in a wild state.

A FEATHERED DON JUAN.

Much more frequently, especially at this season, you will see the opposite emotions aroused in birds' breasts by each other's songs, although they seldom take offence at the music of other kinds. A blackbird, which will not allow another blackbird to sing within fifty yards, takes no notice of a robin or hedge-sparrow singing in his own bush. There are exceptions, of course. Nothing, for instance, irritates a wild pheasant more than the crowing of a bantam. But the pheasant is a bird of licentious character, and he objects to the bantam as the combative owner of a tempting harem, for the pheasant is very easily tempted, and only a few mornings ago I watched the manoeuvres of a magnificent cock pheasant who was trying to wheedle two great black Spanish fowls belonging to a cottager to elope with him through the hedge. The cottager's wife was coming and going about her chores, and every time she disappeared inside the doorway the pheasant came out of the hedge and displayed his gorgeousness to the silly old hens, who were evidently more than half inclined to listen to the gay deceiver's vows of faithful love. There was always just one more grain of barley to be picked up before they took the fatal step, however, and at last an intervention of providence in the shape of a bucketful of water, unexpectedly thrown out of the door, saved them. They ran, clucking wofully, to the fowlyard, and the pheasant flew into the next parish.

E. K. R.



KINGS of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun," by "Thormanby" (Hutchinson), is a book which, although it costs a good deal of money, will promptly find its way into every well-equipped country house library, and into many a town library besides. Speaking in the character of critic, I found it at first somewhat difficult to say anything commendatory about this book, save that, being for the most part a compilation, it was justified in its price by the fact that the author must have spent a good deal of money in getting together the raw material. But I read and read, and the result is a conviction that, as a compilation, this book is excellent, and that the author has warrant for his modest claim to have produced something more than a compilation. It is true that in the process of research he has dug out a good many gems of incident and anecdote which have not been touched by any previous biographer. The consequence is that "Thormanby" has produced two fairly fat and well-printed volumes, with interesting portraits and illustrations, which are in the manner of the very best of after-dinner talk. Moreover, speaking as one who has read books of sport and the open air assiduously for some years, I find these volumes the more interesting in that some of the "kings" are men of whom the names were quite unknown to me. That really is almost all that needs to be said in the way of criticism, for an elaborate critique of a first-rate piece of Grangerism would be out of place. Rather is it the duty of the reviewer to pick the plums out of the pudding, and if here and there his teeth grate against a stone, or upon some foreign substance which is unpleasant, to give expression to the passing twinge of pain which he feels. Let me begin with a stone. In writing of Izaak Walton, "Thormanby" permits himself a certain ignobility of taste, and a curious lack of insight. Here is the erring passage:

"I don't think that many persons nowadays read his lives of Donne, and Wotton, and Herbert, and Hooker, and Sanderson, albeit Wordsworth says:

'The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropp'd from an angel's wing.'

His best work, as he himself no doubt believed, is in those admirable Lives. But posterity has thought otherwise, and 'The Compleat Angler' lives in unfading greenness, while all the rest has withered into oblivion. And yet 'The Compleat Angler' is a perfect cyclopaedia of errors. Even in that art of angling on his knowledge of which he plumed himself, 'Father Izaak' was sadly to seek. As a barbel and chub fisher he was without doubt unrivalled, and his instructions for the taking of these, and indeed most other, coarse fish could hardly be improved upon. But when he has the temerity to write about salmon, trout, grayling, or pike he displays a pitiful ignorance both of the habits of the fish and of the modes of taking them. He admits that his directions on fly-fishing, of which he knew absolutely nothing, were given to him 'by an ingenious brother of the angle, an honest man and most excellent fly-fisher,' but even then they are practically worthless. He quotes freely, too, from Thomas Barker, who really did know something about fly-fishing; sometimes, indeed, good Master Walton, who had a considerable gift of appropriation, 'lifts' whole passages of Barker without any acknowledgment, and, what is more, spoils them by 'variations' of his own, which only serve to exhibit his plentiful lack of knowledge.

"The credulity of 'Father Izaak' is amazing. It will swallow anything which the 'learned Thebans,' for whom he had so superstitious a reverence, choose to assert. Its capacity for gorging the marvellous is worthy of the great pike on whose voracity he comments. He believes that 'the marrow of the thigh bone of a heron is a great temptation to any fish'; that pike are generated from the pickerel weed; that frogs settle on the heads of carp and ride the fish to death; that eels are bred 'either of dew or out of the corruption of the earth'; that 'barnacles and young goslings are bred by the sun's heat and the rotten planks of an old ship, and hatched of trees'; that there is a river in Arabia 'of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion colour,' and another in Judaea 'that runs swiftly all the six days of the week and stands still and rests all the Sabbath'; that in the Ganges 'there be eels thirty feet long'; that 'dolphins love music and will come when called for.' All these things and a thousand others equally ludicrous to the well-informed person of the nineteenth century Master Izaak Walton believed in. His knowledge of natural history, derived, as it mostly was, from what were called in his days 'learned writers,' principally Germans, was the strangest mixture of fable and imperfectly understood fact. To distrust a 'learned writer' would have seemed little short of impiety to one of such a reverential temperament as

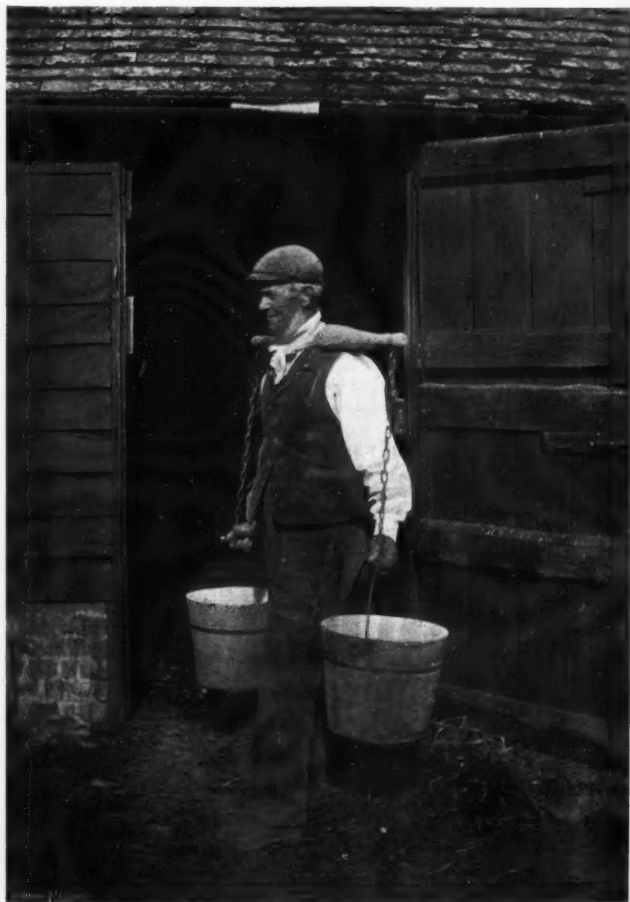
Walton. But I cannot help regretting that the good man did not exercise his own powers of observation a little more, and trust less to 'learned writers,' whose 'facts' were evolved from their own inner consciousness and not from an intelligent study of nature. It is in this respect that Walton seems to me so infinitely inferior to Gilbert White."

Now this, not to put too fine a point on it, is nonsense; it is a passage lacking taste and lacking humour also. It will be a grievous offence to those who feel that an attack on Father Izaak is near akin to literary sacrilege; but they will console themselves by the thought that, to those who know them, the Lives which are sneered at are precious as pieces of gentle craftsmanship, and that, by those who understand him, Izaak is never taken quite seriously. "Thormanby" fails in fact to detect the under-current of quiet fun which runs beneath the smooth surface of Walton's prose; he is like a swimmer who plunges into a gliding stream, unconscious of a "back-rush," as it is sometimes called, underneath; and the result is the same for "Thormanby" and the swimmer—they are carried away and lost. Then in the second volume we are regaled with the views of John the Shoemaker of Boswell's, and with his own, in words which might well have been left unwritten by him, so far as his own part goes, and unquoted from Younger:

"But I am glad to say that John Younger was free from the cant which so many anglers have unctuously repeated *ad nauseam* from the days of Izaak Walton to our own—the cant which claims for angling a moral and intellectual influence over its votaries which no other sport can exercise. Listen, you sickly iterators of the fancies of the London linen-draper, to the words of the manly shoemaker of St. Boswell's.

"No one who inclines to go a-fishing can reasonably suppose the pursuit any way very particular in point of morality—let him allege what he may, we believe the angler foregoes such considerations. We view the matter simply in this way, that every man is so much of a boy (which may often be the best part of his character) that he goes out a-fishing because he had got into an early habit of so going, and finds amusement in it preferable to walking, or even to riding, should he be master of a horse; or else he pursues it, fain to find recreation in that in which he perceives his neighbour so well pleased, just as he would go a-quoiting, a-cricketing, or a-curling. To talk of following it on a principle of love or admiration of field scenery, is surely either a pretence or an illusion of his own mind; because every staunch angler may be said to leave his admiration of the picturesque, the beautiful, and romantic in nature, as something to be particularly kept in mind, returned to and enjoyed "at a more convenient season"—as governor Felix did his taste for the most sublime doctrines of Christianity. I have felt that I could admire the beautiful in landscape as much as my neighbours, perhaps any of them, yet never could find either taste or time for the disposition of sentiment while sallying out on a fishing excursion; and however romantically beautiful the branch overhung its shadow in the water, I no sooner hanked my hooks on it than, if within reach, crash down it came, whilst a wish hurried over my mind that all river-skirting trees were removed. I would hardly except the bordering willows of Dryburgh, or those skirting the waters of Babylon, where the Israelites hung their harps in the days of their captivity.

"By no poetical feeling whatever should the free swing of line be interrupted. Let sketchers put imaginary trees in their landscapes as they please, yet such are ever the true angler's real feelings, disguise them as he may; *keep tree, rock, and vry full line-swing from the margin of lake and stream.* One truth is worthy fifty of these fishing authors' sickly preachments. If our tractates on the subject should never sell, let us not heap disgrace on our own



F. Olla.

THE MILKMAN.

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poor head by feigning sanctity we never feel. Such would be worse than prevalent superstition or common hypocrisy. I can see no more sentimentality in angling for fish than in the rural sports of Fox or Otter hunting. The excitement is kept up by the solicitude of success, and this the same in fishing for reputation in the sport as in fishing for a dinner; the true angler being always intent in the pursuit, however passive he may appear."

One can forgive the shoemaker, but hardly the man of culture, who, having designated certain men as "kings," proceeds in the same breath to be guilty of flagrant *lese Majesté*. That kind of thing "is not cricket"; in other words, it is not sportsmanship.

Beyond this gentle protest there is nothing to be said in the way of criticism which is not full of praise and gratitude. I really do not know which of the many sketches is the best, but it may almost be said that all are good. The two which appeal to me most forcibly are "Alexander Russell," which is full of good stories, and William Cotton Oswell. Here "Thormanby" lays Thomas Hughes and others under contribution, the source of the first information being a long-forgotten article in *Macmillan*, from which "Thormanby" produces this summary:

"The boy was sent to school at Rugby, of which Thomas Arnold, greatest of schoolmasters, had just been appointed head. Here Tom Hughes first knew him. But Oswell was five years the senior of the author of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' and was looked up to by the small boy as one of the 'Kings of the Close,' the Hector of their school liad. I think Oswell's contemporaries at Rugby must have recognised some of his characteristics in the heroic portrait of 'Young Brooke.' Judge Hughes in his address (subsequently published in *Macmillan's Magazine*), recalled some of his hero's memorable athletic feats at school: how he cleared 18ft. 6in. of water over Clifton Brook—a good 21ft. with take-off and landing; how he threw the cricket-ball 105yds.; and how his great strength earned him the nickname of 'the Musclemen.' When he left the school at eighteen he stood 6ft., was broad in the shoulder, thin in the flank, the perfect model of an athlete. 'A rare mixture,' says Judge Hughes, 'of kindness and gentleness with marvellous strength, activity, and fearlessness.

"From Rugby Oswell went to Haileybury to be specially trained for the Honourable East India Company's service. Then he went out to India, and his old friends and schoolfellows entirely lost sight of him. The curtain had apparently dropped and hidden him from their admiring eyes for ever. What they felt when that curtain was suddenly raised and they once more had a glimpse of their hero, I will leave Judge Hughes to describe:

"You may fancy the shock of joy which I felt when the lift came at last. I, like everyone else, had rushed to get Livingstone's first book on South Africa, and was deep in the second chapter in which he details the drought at his station, the threats of the Boers, and the rumours of a lake and rivers and a rich country to the north, that had determined him to attempt the crossing of the Kalahari Desert which lay between, when I came on this passage: 'I communicated my intention to an African traveller, Colonel Steele, and he made it known to another gentleman, a Mr. Oswell. He undertook to defray the entire expense of guides, and fully executed his generous intention.' Surely, thought I, that must be 'the Musclemen,' or 'Handsome Oswell,' as we used sometimes to call him; that's just what he would have done. I was not long in doubt; it was my boyhood's hero sure enough. 'Oswell was one of Arnold's Rugby boys,' Livingstone wrote, 'one could see his training in always doing what was brave, and true, and right.'"

Then, later, Oswell himself is permitted to tell his own tale:

"Like Gordon Cumming, Oswell paid Livingstone a visit at Mabotsé, and he mentions an incident highly creditable to Kafir womanhood, which occurred just as they reached that station. 'The women, as is their custom, were working in the fields—for they hoe and the men sew—and a young man, standing by the edge of the bush, was chatting with them. A lioness sprang on him and was carrying him off, when one of the women ran after her, and catching her by the tail, was dragged for some little distance. Hampered with the man in her mouth and the woman behind her, the lioness slackened her pace, whereupon her assailant straddled over her back and hit her across the nose and head with a heavy, short-handled hoe till she dropped her prey and slunk into cover. This man was her husband! Would Mrs. Smith do as much for Mr. Smith? Could she do more?'"

These are samples of a book which has but one fault, already named, which is full of good stories, useful to the writer of sporting literature, and priceless in the library of amusement. Notable men treated in it, besides those named, are Colonel Thornton, Charles Cotton, Joe Manton—an excellent sketch—the Rev. W. B. Daniel, Colonel Peter Hawker, John Holt, Christopher Norton, the Cokes of Holkham, Lord Kennedy, Horatio Ross, Gordon Cumming, Sir Humphry Davy, Sir Richard Sutton, William Scrope, Grantley Berkeley, Tod Stoddart, Henry Astbury Leveson, Sir Samuel Baker, Lord Stamford, Landseer, Millais, and various Wimbledon heroes—this last not the best chapter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WALLS BUILT WITH SEA-SAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you or any of your readers will help me out of the following difficulty: Twelve years ago my house was partly rebuilt; sea-sand was used in the building. The walls in wet weather come out in patches and all papers spoil. Can this be remedied? In some places salt even seems to exude. Could the walls be plastered or stuccoed over quite effectually, as I do not want half measures, and could I tile passage walls?—R. A. C.

[We know of no remedy, but perhaps some of our correspondents may be better informed.—ED.]

ATAVISM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Are we to imagine that that wonderful man, the sardonic Rochefoucauld, saw the wide range within which is applicable that cynic maxim of his, "Dans les malheurs des autres il y a toujours quelque-chose qui ne nous déplaît pas"? It is no doubt only too true of poor human nature, but what we do not, I think, fully recognise, is how far it is true of animal nature, where animal nature has

intelligence enough to perceive the *malheurs* of others of its kind. I do not know whether other people have observed the same thing—at all events I have not seen it noticed, and that is why I write this letter to you, which I trust you will not think altogether without interest—but in the case of my own dogs I see this human trait very strongly marked. There is a stage of the dogs' intelligence at which they hardly realise, when one is rated, that all do not fall under the same ban; but when this is past, and they begin to distinguish that the punishment intended for one is not meant to fall on others, then it is most curious to mark the satisfaction, the tail-wagging, the undisguised pleasure of the rest over the *malheurs* of this one. They are hypocrites often, but their feelings are too strong for them to be concealed in this case. They take the fiendish delight of a spiteful schoolboy in another's whippings. We are told of a tribe of savages whose only idea of the humorous is to see a child in suffering. There seems to be something deeper rooted than the sentiments which the cynic philosopher holds up for our gibes in all this uncharitable feeling running through nature, not human nature only, but canine as well, while even the more intelligent kinds of birds, the corvine family for instance, seem to show a like delight in the punishment of their fellows. Is it not possible that we may connect it all with that instinct, so common with the gregarious animals, of attacking and killing any member of their society who is succumbing to injuries or old age? We are at no loss to account for their conduct in this regard, easily believing that it is part of Nature's scheme for securing the survival of the fittest, and for propagating the best stock by weeding out the unfit. And the animals carry out the scheme not only without apparent remorse or pity but with apparent enjoyment. In some cases the enjoyment is to be traced to a gastronomic source. The carnivorous animals do not scorn to eat the old or injured members of their kind. Certain savage tribes have the same custom, which seems to us so unpleasant—increasingly unpleasant as we grow older and approach the age at which this fate should be our own. And no doubt the ancestors of my own dogs, who show such a delight in the misfortunes of their fellows, are descended from wild ancestors who used to kill and eat the incapable members of the pack. Here, then, we seem to have got at some not improbable, although quite unprovable, source of their sentiments. It was in no way displeasing (for it promised them a meal, when meals were scarce) to their ancestors to see a member of the pack grow feeble or be maimed. My dogs, their cultured descendants, are too domesticated to be cannibals; but they retain, unconscious whence they got it, this cannibal-like delight in another's suffering, and possibly this too is the hereditary reason why we ourselves, or at least the majority, are still not wholly displeased by another's misfortunes.—SELBY.

TREATMENT OF OAK FOR ORNAMENTAL WORK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I venture to think that it would be a great boon to many of us if you could give some really skilled information as to the best way of treating oak for ornamental purposes, for garden gates, seats, and so on, and for the many uses to which oak can be put in and about country houses. I may, perhaps, be allowed to give a little account of my own very small and unaided experiments, but I write in the spirit of an enquirer, not of a teacher by any means, in order to invite the views of others who really have studied the subject. I have found that beeswax has a very good effect on the appearance of the oak for indoor purposes, where the beeswax can be renewed, but I do not find it so good for out of door use. The rain on the newly beeswaxed oak gives it a very good appearance, but when the sun comes on this and dries it up, the last state is worse than the first. Neither do I like beeswax and oil, nor oil alone, for both seem to me to retard the effect of time, which is really the best artist in making the wood have a fine appearance. Varnish is altogether execrable, in my opinion, though useful here and there where the rain lodges and the varnish is not seen for preserving the wood. But to varnish oak seems to me, in a general way, an abomination. What we all want to get, I presume, is the fine grey appearance of oak that has been exposed for some years to the weather. The black oak, I fancy, is only to be got from the pollarded trees, which are comparatively rare on most properties, and for this I think oil helps to get the effect of age. But I speak rather of the ordinary oak. No doubt the application of ammonia helps the grey tint and does so without interfering with the eventual effect of age. The best way that I have found of applying the ammonia is to enclose the planks to be treated in a chamber hermetically closed—say a small room with brown paper pasted over all the chinks and outlets and inlets of air—having placed in the chamber, before thus closing it, a vessel containing ammonia. The vessel must of course be open to allow the ammoniac fumes to escape into the room. To prevent warping of the plank, I presume that the old-fashioned measure of an inch to a year—i.e. a 1in. plank is seasoned after one year's keeping, a 2in. plank after two years—is, roughly speaking, correct, provided of course it be kept fairly warm and dry. This is about as far as my own little efforts at learning have taken me. Possibly even this may be of use to some one still more ignorant, but I am sure some of your readers could, and they would, tell us a great deal more.—F. H. A.

A PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL SHOT-GUN MATCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There was quite a boom given to English athletics during 1900 by the welcome presence of a number of American visitors, and the friendly invaders made a great show by winning many of the important events and championships at Stamford Bridge; also the American trainers' and jockeys' phenomenal success during last year is known to all. It appears that our friends on the other side are now anxious to try conclusions with the British using the shot-gun, and competing first at clay birds; after this they will be willing to shoot a series of International matches against the British live bird trap shots for any amount or prize suggested. They have written to Messrs. Eley Brothers, Limited, the well-known ammunition makers of London, to forward the rough draft of their clay bird challenge to the club who would be most likely to "take them on." Mr. J. C. Irvine, who is a director of Messrs. Eley Brothers and vice-president of the Middlesex Gun Club, has forwarded the challenge to me with a request that an executive meeting shall be called to consider the challenge received. A rough draft of the challenge, which may interest my brother sportsmen, is given herewith:—American team: Any ten men from the United States; English team: Any ten men from England, Ireland, and Scotland; Best three matches in five; 100 birds to each man, 1,000 to a team; Eley targets thrown from Eley expert traps. I.B.S.A. rules to govern, with the following exceptions, as rules do not state either height or distance: Targets to be thrown not less than 40yds. nor more than 60yds.; not lower than 6ft. nor higher than 12ft. at a point 10yds.

from trap. One judge from each team, and these two to select a referee, whose decision shall be final. Shooting to be in teams of six men, and composed of three American and three English contestants; this would leave last team with one man each, and team could be filled up with shooters whose score would not count. American team to use one barrel only and allowed 14oz. shot, struck measure, 1,106 Dixon's or American Shooting Association measures (Eley standard). English team to use both barrels and English rules as to the charge of shot. Any length shell and any powder charge allowable. Twelve-gauge guns only. Match to be for 5,000dols. a side; 1,000dols. to be posted when sending and accepting challenge. Balance to be deposited May 1st. Match to be shot latter part of June, or early part of July. Play or Pay. All gate receipts to go to the English team, and in case American team lose they to be allowed 2,500dols. for expenses; this amount will also be allowed to British shooting team visiting the United States, America. The conditions appear to be reasonable, and we Britishers have at least a level chance to win. It will be seen from the above that the proposed match is for £1,000 a side; the British stand to win £1,500 and take the gate, while the American team, if successful, annex the £2,000. International shooting matches have taken place between the Britishers and Americans in the past, but it has been with the rifle and not the shot-gun. During 1877 a British team of rifle shots visited Creedmoor, U.S.A., and shot an important match against the American team, the former making 1,629 the first day and 1,613 the second, or 3,242 in all, the Americans making 1,655 the first day and 1,679 the second, 3,334 in all, and winning by 92 points. In 1882, twelve British Volunteers visited Creedmoor, and, on September 14th, shot a match against twelve of the National Guard of the U.S.A., the British on this occasion winning by 170 points. The scores were: British team, 1,062 first day and 913 second day, or 1,975 in all; the Americans making 1,043 first day and 762 the second, 1,805 in all. In September, 1883, a return match was shot at Wimbledon Common, the British team again proving successful by 45 points, the British scores being 1,070 first day and 881 the second, or 1,951 in all, against the Americans' 1,078 first day and 828 second day, making 1,906 in all. The important question to first determine is the "ways and means"; the rules of the Middlesex Club for clay-bird shooting will not permit of their taking the risk, even if they were financially strong enough to do so, but it has struck me that it could soon be met by pooling the £1,000, or forming a syndicate of sportsmen who would take one or more ten-pound shares. Mr. Irvine and myself can already place £300; it therefore only requires seventy shares of £10 each to be taken up in order that this International match can be brought about. Our executive club meeting referred to will be held on the evening of the 30th inst. If any gentleman would like to take up a share, or has any suggestion or advice to offer on this important shooting event, he is requested to communicate with A. H. GALE, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Middlesex Gun Club, 178, New Bond Street, London, W.

OTTER KILLING ON THE THAMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder, and I think my wonder must be shared by many other readers of your excellent paper, why the Thames Angling Preservation Society, if they think it necessary to kill an otter, which has become a rare animal on the river, should further write about the performance as if it had been the killing of a man-eating tiger. Possibly it may be necessary to kill the otters, though this I should very much doubt, seeing that these pleasant animals have become so very scarce on our principal river, and also that it is generally admitted that their chief food is eels, which are of no great interest to anglers. But even if their death should be a necessity, one cannot see why it is necessary to blazon it about as if it were a great achievement. There are cases, rare and much to be regretted, when it becomes necessary that even so dear a beast as a fox should be done to death with gunpowder and shot, or by the gin, but when its death has been so compassed it is not made the subject of self-glorification by the murderer. He does not write to the papers describing the weight, sex, and so on of the victim, as one who has done a glorious deed. He rather buries all evidence of it out of sight as a shameful thing. I really think it is a duty that someone should put on record the general feeling about the killing of otters in the Thames. Few believe it to be a necessity, but, if it be a necessity, all agree that it is a necessity to be regretted, that it is a pity a few of the pleasant and beautiful wild things may not be allowed to live, and at all events that the killing should not be advertised as a noble action worthy of emulation.—H.G.H.

A FALCONER'S DIFFICULTIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With regard to the question referred to in "A Falconer's Difficulties" in your issue of January 19th as to the time it takes to train a hawk, perhaps the following extract from Colonel Du and's "Making of a Frontier" may be of interest to your falconer readers: "From Chitral come the celebrated falcons still exported to India, and the smaller hawks used in the sport of falconry. The method of catching is simple; a bird, according to the Chitralis, must be full grown to be of any use, and caught when ranging for food. The trapper makes a little stone box in which he sets a small hole being left in the roof, on which a chicken tied by the leg moves about, the string being in the man's hand below. After the hawk or falcon has seized its victim, the string is gently pulled, and, thinking that it is merely the chicken moving in its struggle to escape, the bird grips the harder, and is pulled to the hole, when the man below seizes it by the legs and its liberty is over. The Chitralis are wonderfully clever at breaking their birds—I have seen one flown captured not fully a week—and trust for taming them to keeping them awake. They keep the bird awake for about three nights, constantly talking to it, and, finally, when it is tamed by want of sleep and hunger, begin to feed it, and to use the lure. The large grey falcon they mostly use is a lovely bird, and they are devoted to the sport. The Mehtar used to go after chikor every day almost, and we once got an excellent exposition of the sport in his company. We rode up the valley a short way, and took our stand on the edge of a very steep fan, beaters having gone a couple of miles further up the valley to move chikor, the mountain partridge. In a few minutes we saw a covey coming skimming along, following the contour of the hillside, as they always fly to avoid the dangerous open, and going the pace driven partridges can go. The Mehtar unhooded his falcon, and stood at the edge of the cliff eagerly watching the approaching birds. As they passed there was a quick move of the wrist, and the grey death shot down like a passing shadow, and killed a couple of hundred yards from us. This was repeated again and again, generally with success, but a falcon loosed a moment too late had no chance. I had a beautiful falcon given me and had some very good sport with it sometimes, but my native friends coveted it so dreadfully, and begged for it so persistently, that I finally had

to give it away." The keeping the birds awake seems to be of very great value in hastening the process of reclaiming a hawk, and one that I fear modern falconers rather neglect.—ROBERT GARDNER.

TURF AND HUNTING-FIELD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you be kind enough to inform me through your interesting paper something in regard to the history of Francis Buckle, and also during what years H. Ayres was huntsman of Lord Fitzhardinge's pack of foxhounds at Cheltenham? Thanking you in advance for your kindness.—ROBERT EMMET.

[H. Ayres was the predecessor of Charles Hamblin, who was for many years with the present Duke of Beaufort, as huntsman to Lord Fitzhardinge. Ayres retired in 1865 in consequence of a bad fall in the previous season. He hunted the hounds during the whole time the eighth Duke of Beaufort carried the horn from Badminton, and they had several joint days, Harry Ayres hunting the united packs. Curiously enough, none of our books state the exact date when Ayres came. He was famous as a kennel huntsman and in the field, and was much thought of by the late Duke of Beaufort. Francis Buckle was a famous light-weight jockey at Newmarket. He was a little fellow, but with a most graceful seat and style. He rode for Robson's stable, and so much did the other boys appreciate his riding that Robinson, later his chief rival, would give half his pudding to another boy to do his work so that he might watch "Frank" ride. He was a contemporary of, but considered inferior to, Sam Chifney, and belonged, therefore, to the period of George IV.'s racing career. He was an ardent bull-baiter, later taking to the more legitimate interest of cattle raising. He was a hardy fellow, often riding to Newmarket for trials and back for six o'clock tea. In some respects he resembled our George Fordham, but was a much more graceful rider.—ED.]

A MOORHEN'S NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having seen a short time ago a photograph of a moorhen's nest in one of your issues, I venture to enclose two photographs entirely of my own production, which I think may be of interest to some of your readers. No. 1 is of a coo's nest, built up from the bottom of one of the creeks in our lake and floating on the surface of the water; it contains four eggs—which were subsequently hatched out—and is surrounded with leaves of various water-plants. No. 2 represents a



swan's nest which I found on one of the islands, and contains six eggs. I trust you will deem one or both of the photographs worthy a place in your journal.—S. WALTER.

[We reproduce one of these excellent photographs.—ED.]

QUAINT COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with much pleasure the article in your issue for January 12th on building a log house. The fact that one landowner permitted the experiment has given me hopes that others may be willing to do the same; and it has seemed to me that some of the quaint cottages which are disappearing from our villages might be reproduced, if landlords would leave the beaten paths of the rural architect and copy the characteristic cottages which still exist, as monuments or museums to charm yet another generation of lovers of bygone times. I don't wish to occupy valuable sites with houses which would be useless for habitation or only fitted for exceptional tenants, but might not cottages be built on waste corners of gardens, or in woods, with low doors, hearths instead of stoves, and small latticed windows, to serve the purpose of picnic parties or shooting lunches? Ironwork, old arms, tools, cooking utensils, and gear of all sorts telling of the old times and of the old people who are passing away from us so rapidly, could be collected in such places. As your correspondent has shown, the cost of such a building might be small, while the art value would be immense.—C. PARNELL.

A SUPPLY OF WATER FOR GARDEN USE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you be kind enough to advise me about making cisterns or reservoirs for water in a garden situated in a dry locality? I have got a deep well, but the water in it is too cold for use unless it has stood for some time in the air for the chill to wear off; also, the well itself ran dry once or twice during our late dry summers. The soil is strong loam, on a gravel subsoil, but yellow clay crops out on one side of the garden near a pond. Could this yellow clay be used to line holes dug in various places to contain soft water? I am told that old oil casks sunk in the ground are excellent for the same purpose. I may say the pond is very small, and, though full of water in winter, dries up very quickly in summer. Any hints will be gratefully accepted.—MISS ETHEL.

[We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers who have solved this very difficult problem.—ED.]